

The Listener

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Daffodils in Cambridge: Clare College seen from the Backs

J. Allan Cash

In this number:

What Do the Youth of Germany Want? (Terence Prittie)

The Greatness of Albert Einstein (Bertrand Russell, O.M.)

Meeting Thomas Hardy (Walter de la Mare, O.M.)

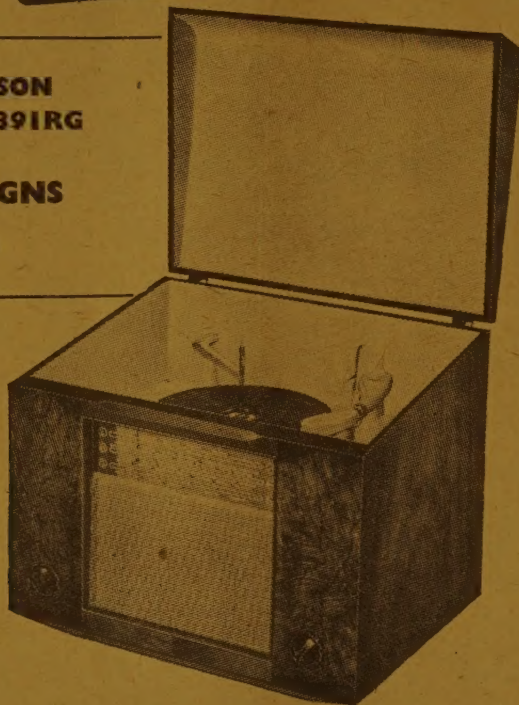
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The Listener

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Towards a New Balance of Power?

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

IF there had been no communist revolution in Russia in 1917, Mr. Butler might have presented a very different Budget last week. There would probably have been no purchase tax at all. There would be cheaper buses, probably cheaper beer and petrol, and income tax perhaps 2s. lower at 6s. 6d. The fact that things are not like this is the price we pay for defence. And I have often thought that some members of the Soviet Government must find the present tense atmosphere in the world a useful weapon, just because it does shackle us to our huge burden of defence expenditure, and so weakens the stamina of the capitalist system. On the other hand, Russia's own colossal armaments, far bigger than our own, also have to be paid for; and that is also a severe strain on the Soviet Union: it probably had something to do with the fall of Malenkov. In fact the result is to keep the living standards of the Russian people down to what would be regarded in much of the west as a poverty level.

It is trite to say that this is folly. All war is folly. And in the age of the hydrogen bomb an armaments race is even more foolish than it was before. Armaments cost far more than they did, and they promise even less hope of victory, as there would be no victors in an all-out hydrogen war, perhaps only a handful of survivors. So far, one of the features of the twentieth century, it seems to me, is that the human race has lost control of its own destiny. In previous times, wars were fought between governments, by professional armies, and they were deliberate acts of policy. But since 1914 wars have been fought between

peoples whose countries have been caught up in a chain reaction which drives them deeper and deeper into events they cannot control.

I feel that one ought to try to stand back a bit, from time to time, and look at our immediate position against this broad—and frightening—background. And I am sure the present is a good moment to do so. Next week it will be ten years since VE-Day, the end of the war in Europe. This happens to coincide with our reaching a point in European affairs that we in the west have been aiming at for nearly five years, where western Germany is reinstated as a sovereign member of the European community. We have to recognise that Germany's industry makes the German an essential element in any new balance of power and that their country cannot be occupied indefinitely.

When M. Pinay, the French Foreign Minister, came to London last week to see Mr. Macmillan, the new Foreign Secretary, I think they could have summarised the outlook somewhat as follows. In Europe, while progress with Germany has prepared the position for further negotiations with Russia, a real break in the deadlock over Austria does appear to have taken place. It is virtually certain to lead to big-power talks with Mr. Molotov, perhaps soon after the three-power meeting in Paris. But do not let us forget that this has come about simply and solely as a result of the west standing firm. In spite of all that the Russians were saying before, they have decided to relax tension on the very morrow of the western decision to rearm Germany. The danger to ourselves is that, every time we achieve something by

being firm, we are apt to forget immediately how we have done it. On the negative side already, besides more French wobbling over the Saar, there is a sharp growth in Germany itself of a neutralist belief in *Bundnislosigkeit*, or freedom from alliances. Already there is a horrid danger that many Germans, even outside the Social Democrat Party—the Opposition party which has just done particularly well in the elections in Lower Saxony—will fall into the Russian trap of thinking that Soviet generosity towards Austria provides a pattern for Germany. They wilfully forget both the existence of Ulbricht's communist regime in the Soviet zone and the fact that Germany itself is too big to be neutralised like Austria. Nevertheless, the west has on the whole got things going the way we want them in Europe, and the Nato Council will meet next month with more definite prospects of peace than for a considerable time.

In the Far East, the position is by no means as good. As events turned out, the Chinese were clever enough not to adopt a 'strong' attitude at the Bandung conference. In fact, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, Sir John Kotelawala, made a sharp attack on communist colonialism, and the conference was split on the issue. But Mr. Chou En-lai ended by introducing a new element with his offer that China would negotiate with America over Formosa. In assessing this offer, I think we must remember several things.

First, it comes after a period of great American firmness over Formosa; moreover, as Russia and China never make any major move nowadays without consulting one another, China's more conciliatory attitude may well have its origins in Moscow—or simply in a desire to impress other Asians. On the other hand, if the Chinese really meant business they would do well to release their imprisoned American airmen first. Their offer in any case still excludes talks with the Nationalists; and it is in general well calculated to separate America from countries like ourselves, by making Washington appear unreasonable. The fact is that in these Asian disputes the west entirely lacks an agreed policy; and, so long as the communists hold the political initiative, it is clear that they will make the maximum use of it.

But, to go back to the long-term question: what does all this add up to in terms of history? As I see it, although the chain reaction which began in 1914 is still unbroken, fear of the hydrogen bomb is at last beginning to put a brake on events. To my mind, the chain began with the combined rise of nationalism and technical ability, which made the 1914-18 war so devastating, and which have continued ever since. The came the Versailles Treaty, and the propaganda use that Hitler was able to make of it, in the absence of both Russia and America from the European scene. The second world war was really a prolongation of the first. Hitler's defeat at the end of it removed Germany from the scene, and left no power strong enough to outweigh the Soviet Union in Europe, except America—as Hitler's propaganda said would happen. But now today a more closely knit western Europe is at last being slowly rebuilt with western Germany in it, and, through Nato, under the American wing. Since the Russians are logically bound to try to prevent this development, the salvation of Europe—and perhaps the end of the chain reaction—must lie in continuing to balance American strength against Russian.

In the Far East, on the other hand, the balance is complicated by China. The great Chinese revolution would not have taken the form it did in 1950 if there had never been a communist revolution in Russia thirty years earlier. This rise of China has changed the face of the Far East, and the change is still by no means complete. No one can tell what the final effects will be.

To sum up, the world has obviously not regained control of its own destiny. But—to take the optimistic view for a moment—I do think that developments like Russia's concessions over Austria, and even the willingness of the Chinese to consider talks over Formosa, give some ground for thinking that the world may be reaching a new balance of power. This does seem to be happening at the very moment when weapons are becoming too powerful to make either side effectively any stronger than the other. I believe, therefore, that, in spite of the grave dangers in the Far East, the combination of trends could yet prove more hopeful than anything else that has happened since 1914.—*Home Service*

Differentials in Wage Rates: A Pressing Labour Problem

By BEN ROBERTS

THE question of differentials, of how much above the lowest rate should be paid to workers who have to exercise special skills and responsibilities, is at the heart of the prolonged dispute over railway wage levels. But the problem is not confined to the railways, or newspapers. It is a general problem of great importance, since wages are not only the reward for work done; they also fulfil the vital economic function of helping to regulate the supply of labour to the job vacancies that have to be filled. Clearly, then, there must be differences between wage rates if they are to fulfil their economic function, and if the differences are not felt to be reasonably fair, then, sooner or later, there will be a sharp reaction against them. After all, compare the wages we are paid with those paid to other types of workers, and we all have strong views on the relative justice of what is paid to other people. If the differences are not properly adjusted the result may be very high labour turnover, disturbed industrial relations, and, in the last resort, strikes. So that it is most important that we get these wage relationships as near right as possible.

Most people do not like to see established wage relationships altered, and in collective bargaining reference is often made to the maintenance of customary differentials. It is remarkable that in the building industry, for example, these were almost the same in 1914 as they had been in the fourteenth century. For 500 years the building labourer was paid at about two-thirds of the craftsman's rate. But today, in spite of the reluctance to alter established differentials, the labourer receives almost 90 per cent. of the craftsman's rate. This narrowing of the difference between the wages of the skilled and unskilled has also gone on since 1914 in engineering, shipbuilding, railways, and most other industries. What is true of Britain is also true of other countries, but the narrowing process has not in every case been taken as far.

It is fairly clear how the narrowing of differentials has come about. The last half century has seen in most industrial countries a remarkable growth in the organisation of the less skilled workers and the growth of large-scale unions. This development has been accompanied by the growth of industry—wide settlements which have often given the same

increase in shillings per week to all workers, irrespective of their different skills.

This is not, however, the whole story, for there is good reason to believe that more fundamental economic and social forces have also been at work. The evidence from the past shows that whenever there was a rapid rise in money incomes, even before there were trade unions there was a tendency for the differentials to narrow. Since 1914 there have been two periods when money incomes have gone up sharply during the first world war and during the last fifteen years. In each of these periods the less skilled workers have obtained proportionately much larger increases than the skilled grades.

Another factor which has contributed to the narrowing of differentials has been the great educational advances during the past eighty years. This has produced an enormous increase in the number of people capable of doing skilled jobs; and at the same time the great technological changes have made up-grading into skilled jobs easier. The social climate of this century has also, of course, favoured greater equality between all types of income. Had these economic and social factors not been operative it is doubtful whether the growth of trade unionism and collective bargaining would alone have resulted in the relative advance of the less skilled.

The question that now has to be faced is this. Has the point been reached when the skilled workers, such as the footplate men, feel so strongly that they are no longer receiving a fair premium for their special abilities that they must be paid more? If it is also the case that there has been an increase in the demand for the more skilled workers then, in the long run, their relative wages are certain to rise. Naturally those who do the less skilled jobs are reluctant to see the gains which they have made reduced by a reversal of the trend which has gone on since 1914. But it is possible that the egalitarian trend, for the time being, has run its course, and we may see a movement in the opposite direction. So whatever may happen between now and May 1, when the strike of the footplate men is still timed to start, it is most unlikely that we have heard the last of the growing problem of differentials.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

What Do the Youth of Germany Want?

By TERENCE PRITTIE

TWENTY years ago the son of the German household where I was staying was righteously indignant when I caught him a shrewd blow on the kneecap with a cricket ball. He had asked to learn the game. But when we were walking home afterwards he pointed out to me, with great pride, a squad of eight-year-olds earning to throw dummy hand-grenades. This was something that he understood and he asked me, with no trace of humour, why the English spent their time batting each other's shins and kneecaps when Europe's future was at stake. He was, admittedly, a member of the Hitler Youth.

This story may help to illustrate some of the psychological difficulties of German youth today. In 1934 most young Germans that I met approved of the Nazi Party, because they had no choice. What was left to German youth in 1945? Practically nothing. One German in twelve over the age of twenty had been physically crippled by the war and was flung on a dole of worthless Reichsmarks. Two years after the war one German in eighteen was still either a prisoner-of-war or posted missing. The German fathers who could not earn a living were hardly the best people to instil a hope in the future. The fathers who did not come back were most needed at that time.

German youth was scarred by the war, for even fifteen-year-olds were thrust into the firing-line and played their gallant but hopeless part in the last-ditch engagements east of the Rhine. German youth began to learn about the real Nazi aims—of such a thing as the Vogelsang stud-farm where young men of good physique and the 'right' politics were coupled with volunteer girls in order to produce the new élite of the master-race. Or of the Lebensborn experiment of Heinrich Himmler's, when sufficiently 'Aryan' orphans of murdered Czechs and Poles were brought up as 'supplementary' Germans. The only survivors of the massacre of Lidice were ninety children of this kind. They were transported to Lodz and may survive somewhere today, renamed but at least unliquidated.

The front-line soldier who survived came back disillusioned. He had no contribution to make to whatever new Germany the occupying powers intended to build. He and his juniors had to continue to grow up, and one or two

figures illustrate the unusual things with which they have had to contend since 1945. Today, for instance, there are over 7,000 juvenile political prisoners in the Soviet Zone. These people could have got out of that caricature of a country. They chose instead to make their gallant protest. They are the remnants of those groups which, five and six years ago, were still actively asserting their freedom in the schools and uni-

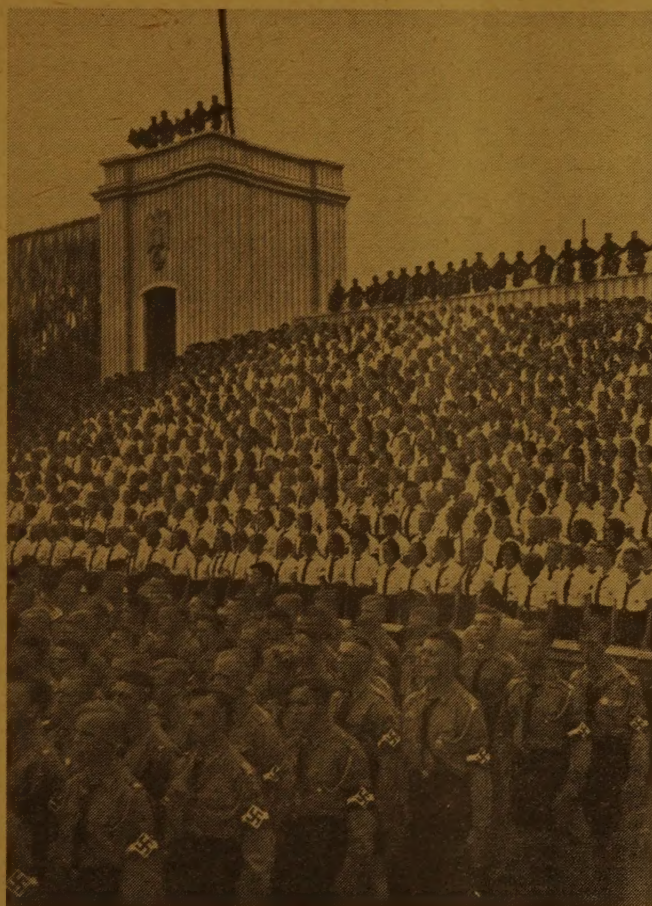
versities. One purge after another has reduced this resistance to a last, unseen and unsung shred.

Today there are 350,000 children in western Germany who are the illegitimate offspring of British, French, or American fathers. Many of these fathers contribute voluntarily to their upkeep. But the fact that there is no compulsion means that there is a serious problem still to be solved.

Today there are 145,000 east German youths in the Federal Republic who sought refuge there during the last year. Of these, 30,000 between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five came on their own. Five thousand are arriving each month, at least one third of them 'solitaires'.

The Federal authorities recently investigated a thousand cases of such solitaires. They found that 250 had no father, 66 no mother, and 87 no parents at all. The parents of another 89 were divorced, and 98 were either illegitimate or separated from their families. This made a total of 590. In a similar poll conducted at Haus Krofdorf, a home for young refugees without families, it was found that 52 per cent. came of families which were in some way abnormal.

A Hitler Youth rally, and (left) post-war German youth at the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University, Frankfurt-am-Main



For three years past, the Government of the Rhineland-Palatinate has been investigating cases of young men joining the French Foreign Legion. It transpires that over 60 per cent. of them were 'rootless', in the domestic sense. And as great a paradox as could ever have been devised by G. K. Chesterton emerges from the questioning of those who have returned. Most young Germans do not go to the Foreign Legion for adventure, but for security. They have known that they would be looked after—with free food and lodging and set rules which they would find easiest to obey. Last year around 60,000 west German children spent holidays in the Soviet Zone, on the Baltic seaside or in the Thuringian forests. Could it be that charity begins east of the Iron

Curtain? The holidays were paid for by the east German Government which has already set aside funds for another 25,000 children this year. It is not, apparently, possible for the west German Government to do the same thing—although it has a balanced budget, a huge surplus of exports over imports, and a rising standard of living and rate of industrial output.

Last year, too, the European Defence Agreement collapsed. Young Germans, much more than their elders, realised that this agreement was politically mortgaged. All talk of an ideal union was suspect to young people growing up without illusions. Yet the failure of E.D.A. was still a shock. It had held at least the promise of a spiritual escape from the front line in the Cold War. Western European Union was strictly practical and therefore more effective. It fulfilled a diplomatic necessity. It did not satisfy a German craving for a recognisable ideal. Young Germans have had to stand up to a series of shocks and insidious infiltrations on their semi-formed hopes for the future. How far has this affected them?

'Hands Across the Frontiers'

When I motor down the *Autobahn* I always pick up anyone thumbing a lift. Among those who align themselves at the side of the *Autobahn* are university students. Given a little time, they are talkative. I have learnt from them, for instance, that nearly every member of the philosophy faculty in Frankfurt spent two months abroad in 1954 and that the ideal of such young people is to head off across Europe with a few marks in their pockets, begging, sometimes borrowing, but generally earning their way. 'Of course we want Europe', a member of an evangelical youth-group told me. 'What we can do at once to help unite Europe is to learn about it. Almost all of us over the age of eighteen have crossed at least one frontier to see and learn something of our neighbours. Just not to have been at least once to England is becoming positively unfashionable'. The desire to move freely across frontiers was responsible for the demonstrations organised by German students four years ago on the Rhine. This 'hands across the frontiers' movement was one of the most one-sided in history. The Germans demonstrated alone, and not simply because their country had lost a war.

The German desire to 'be friends' with other peoples is almost embarrassingly ardent and evident. In spite of their poverty, 37 out of every 100 students go abroad each year. Five years ago the percentage was only 16. Something like a second age of the *Wandervogel*—the roving students—is blossoming, with angular but tidy and considerate youngsters tramping down highroads in order to thumb lifts to far corners of Europe. These hitchhikers are unobtrusive and, at first, remote. They rarely admit any interest in politics or sport. They seem bookish, but uninhibited, save by a certain wariness towards anyone of an older generation. One example may illustrate the longing to get in touch with the young of other nations. Four years ago Dr. Horst Adamietz of Arnsberg began collecting names of young Germans who wanted to exchange news with the people of other countries. Today he has 30,000 names on his books, deals with forty letters a day and has earned the financial support of the Federal Foreign Office.

Last month two organisations—the EMNID Gallup Poll Institute and the North-West German Radio Corporation—tried to find out what was in the minds of the youth. EMNID discovered that 57 per cent. between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four took no interest in politics. The NWDR confirmed this. EMNID found that only half those asked took part in any kind of sport: the NWDR put the figure as low as 25 per cent., but was asking rather older people. The most popular recreation was travel. Only one in every 100 was fond of a book, play, or piece of music.

The seriousness of present-day youth is indicated by the fact that four out of five knew what job they wanted in life: its hesitancy by the fact that every second person wanted security, and eight out of ten would spend a small legacy on strictly practical things, clothes, furniture, or savings certificates. It may be seriousness which induces a big majority to prefer the old-fashioned waltz to the boogie-woogie, and then to admit that they never go to dances at all. A separate enquiry, made by the evangelical churches, showed that 11 per cent. of the evangelical youth went regularly to church and 31 per cent. occasionally. This may sound little, but is probably more than in Nazi days. Only three current political topics mentioned by EMNID aroused real interest: rearmament, European integration, and German unity. And only the last provoked an intense and unanimous reaction.

There seem to be two guiding motives in the lives of young Germans today. The first is material. 'German youth', an evangelical pastor

told me, 'works first, last and always—in order to pass examination and later to earn a living'. Nearly 60,000 students work throughout their four months' holiday, and two-thirds of them take odd or even regular jobs in term-time. These students have little time to do anything but work, and one professor told me bitterly that Germany was 'losing a whole generation of men with ideas'. For the student's objective must be to cram as much knowledge as possible into his head as quickly as possible. He has little time left for learning about his fellow-beings. This was probably the problem of the student who continued to struggle with a manual of company law in the back of my car when it was travelling at fifty miles an hour on a bumpy road.

The second guiding motive is to look at life in a mood of sober appraisal. The history of the immediate past is only one reason for this. 'You English', one student told me, 'are very lucky. You have solid traditions behind you. What have we got? The Kaiserreich of Bismarck? You would say they stood for materialism and power. The 1848 revolutionaries? They were, maybe, impractical romantic. Hardly the Weimar Republic, which failed, or the Nazis, who were criminals'. Lack of tradition may contribute to that curious evasiveness of many Germans who maintain that they need not have an opinion of their own because 'it has nothing to do with us'. But it is to the good that German youth has an open mind and that phrases like '*Deutsch ist die Saar*' and '*Von der Maas bis an die Memel*' give them no day-dreams. Young Germans have no high-flown ideas about 'patriotism' and 'fatherland': they are far too matter-of-fact. 'We can still fall for a great idea', one said to me, 'and there may be some danger in this. But we will not fall for a name. That is why Remond or Naumann never had a chance of becoming a second Führer. That is why Otto Strasser will fail. There is no more magic in a name'.

The Bonn Government has paid less attention to youth than it should. The Minister for Family Affairs, Dr. Würmeling, has preached the virtues of the family life, as much inspired by the low birth-rate as by the huge increase in divorces and the demoralising effects of the so-called *Onkel-ehe*, when man and woman live together but remain unmarried in order to avoid heavier taxation. Graf Baudissin and the other planners of the shadow defence ministry tour the country trying to convince youth that the new army will be nothing like the old. The reflexes of the Bonn Government are still conditioned by the present phase of material self-interest. It will have to turn its attention more seriously to German youth in the future.

The spirit of inquiry is beginning to burgeon again and this will be a fitting complement to the sane and sober realism which already exists. This Easter, 3,000 young Germans travelled to the Ruhr in order to discuss the spiritual future of their country. Some came from as far afield as the Harz mountains, paying their own fares and buying their own meals. It is no coincidence that almost every hostel for apprentice coal-miners in the Ruhr now has its bookshelves or even its library. This was not so two years ago. It was young Germans who called for the abolition of passports, young Germans who are studying the doctrine of dialectical materialism in order to struggle for the souls of their countrymen on the other side of the Iron Curtain. The knowledge that smug satisfaction with democracy is not enough—the arguments must be found for that member of the Communist Free German Youth, who, at a recent conference at Bad Godesberg, answered a question about his own conscience by producing a booklet and saying 'Answer is on page 18, at the top'.

Appeal for Prudence

'It may be that we shall have to think farther and faster than the Bonn politicians', a young man from Stuttgart said to me. 'We know that our contribution to our country's unity can be vital. We will neither write-off nor ignore the 18,000,000 in the Soviet Zone. But we will not allow a crazy crusade for unity'. And a youth journal appealed last week for 'a policy of prudence, a policy which takes account of other peoples as well as our own, which is not based on the inexorability of power or will fall prey to it'.

The youth of Germany may seem a little colourless, a little lacking in bright ideas or physical sparkle. It is a long step removed from those brash, bouncing pre-war students with their tasselled caps and brazen voices. It may suffer from worry-complex, from lack of time, too few optimists and too many drudges. All this is not as sad as it might seem. German youth has rejected racial theories and shrunk away from anti-Semitism, from cracker-mottos and distorted mythology. It is the fairest—some think the only fair—promise of a sound and settled German future.—*Third Programme*

The Budget of 1955

The Rt. Hon. HUGH GAITSKELL, M.P., replies for the Opposition*

I SUPPOSE there are two questions about the Budget which really matter. First, is the amount that the Chancellor is giving away too small or too large, or just right? Has he been too tough with us, or too lenient? I mean, of course, from the point of view of the country; whether it is good or bad for the country. The second question is: has the Chancellor distributed the tax reliefs, such as they are, fairly as between people? I would like to tell you what I think about both these questions, and I will begin right away with the first.

The Economic Background

Is the amount the Chancellor is giving away right? Frankly, it is difficult for anybody outside the Treasury who has not got access to all their figures and estimates to be very sure on this. It is difficult even for the Chancellor himself to be sure whether he has got the balance just right; whether it should be £50,000,000 more this way or that way. But I think what the person outside can do is to take a look at the economic background and see whether the decisions that have been made seem broadly right; and, in particular, whether they fit in with other things that the Government has been saying and doing. That is the way I have tried to look at it, and my conclusion is that in his Budget speech the Chancellor has given us rather too rosy a picture of the position. I am not a pessimist, far from it; but do not let us kid ourselves. Things are not all right in the economic field, not at present. Consider these facts. For nine months now our country has not been paying its way; we have been spending more on imports than we have been earning from our exports; and it has got worse in the last three months. The trade gap is getting wider. In March, in fact, it was the worst we have had for a very long time. And I say that if things go on like this it looks as if we are heading for a deficit of at least £100,000,000 a year, and possibly more, on our overseas payments.

That is a pretty poor outlook, when you remember that the Chancellor himself has laid down as a target an export surplus of £300,000,000; and he was right to do so, I am not questioning that for a moment. That is what we ought to have if we are to repay our debts: invest in the Commonwealth overseas and accumulate bigger gold reserves.

Incidentally, what has been happening to the gold reserves? They have been falling, not rising. They fell in the second half of last year by nearly £100,000,000, and they have fallen further in the first three months of this year. They are another £33,000,000 down. This might not matter very much if the reserves themselves were substantial, but, let us face it, they are not. Today our gold reserves are still over £200,000,000 less than they were at the time of the last election at the end of September 1951. But what makes it all the more disappointing is that in these last three years the rest of Europe have been able to build up their gold reserves very fast indeed. Look at production. The Chancellor talks about how well we have been doing, but, again, what are the facts? In these past three years the rise has been just over 10 per cent.; say, 3 per cent. or a little more on the average, each year. I wonder how many people realise that in the five years of the Labour Government, from 1946 to 1951, the rise in our industrial production was 35 per cent., an average increase of 7 per cent. a year? Over twice as fast as it has been in these last three years under the Tories.

Britain's Exports

Exports: we can all agree that they really are the key to our economic problem in Britain. And, whatever you may feel about the Labour Government, there is one thing you have to admit: under the Labour Government the expansion of British exports was spectacular. For instance, even between 1948 and 1951, our last three years, the average increase each year was 10 per cent. Incidentally, it was this very need and determination to push up exports, as well as having to repair war damage and rebuild our industrial equipment, which explains what you often hear people commenting on, that we could not enjoy at that time such a sharp rise in our standard of living as we should have liked. We deliberately made sacrifices so as to increase our exports.

When the Conservatives boast about improvements since 1951, let us be clear about this. These easier times would not have been possible if, under the Labour Government, we had not been tough, and ready to put the recovery of the country first before our own comforts. But to come back to exports. I told you that in the last three years under Labour they rose 10 per cent. a year. What is the record since 1951? The rise is 1 per cent. a year. And, again, what makes it so disappointing is the way in which the exports of other countries have been going up; they do not seem to have had the same difficulties. For instance, in Europe since 1950 Italian exports have risen 16 per cent., French exports 20 per cent., Belgian 45 per cent., Dutch 68 per cent., and west German exports 109 per cent. Our little 4 per cent. looks pretty small against those figures.

There is no doubt that the Chancellor himself was recently pretty worried about the trade position. At the end of February, only a few weeks ago, he told us that in view of the way things were going it was necessary to take steps to moderate internal demand—those are his words—and, of course, he meant by that that people must not spend so much. He then proceeded to put back controls on hire purchase, which he had lifted only six months before, and he raised the bank rate to 4½ per cent., the highest rate for over twenty years.

What strikes me at once is this. If it was necessary to curb spending by restricting hire purchase, and raising the bank rate to this record level, if the Chancellor had to do all that only a few weeks ago, is it not a bit odd that he should come along now and say: 'After all, I can release some extra money for spending; here is £140,000,000'? No, it is not so easy to understand, and I cannot say the Chancellor has explained why he has changed his position.

Concession on Cotton Textiles

That is all I want to say about the first question. What about the second? Assuming that giving away this £140,000,000 is about right, are the actual concessions fair? There is a small change in purchase tax on cotton textiles. The reason for this is that there is a great deal of anxiety in Lancashire at the moment about the possibility of unemployment in the cotton industry, and the Government is naturally being pressed to take off the burden of purchase tax. In my opinion this trivial concession, worth only £2,000,000 to £3,000,000, is certainly inadequate to meet the needs of the cotton industry in the difficulties they are facing. But most of the concessions are in income tax. How do they work out?

We are not in the least opposed—I do not think anybody would be—to the reductions which are going to come to family people, the increases in the allowances for married persons and children. But, when you take the thing as a whole, a large amount, at least £40,000,000 of the cost of the reduced rates goes to industry, to the companies, and through them ultimately to the shareholders. I am bound to say I do not think this concession was either necessary or fair. Companies and their shareholders have done extremely well in the last year or two, and they have already had big tax reliefs. No doubt this year's Budget, as some of the newspapers say, will promote a further Stock Exchange boom, and even larger tax-free capital profits for speculators and investors—who did very handsomely last year, by the way. After all, since the beginning of 1954 they have had a rise of 40 per cent. in the value of their shares. Last year, the companies made very much more profit than they did two years before, and they paid much less in tax, thanks to Mr. Butler's generosity to them two years ago. Now, on top of that, they are going to be given another very handsome present.

What about individual people? The first thing to notice is this. If your money comes from investments, you get a larger tax reduction in this year's Budget than if you have to earn it by the sweat of your brow. For example, a married man with two children on £1,000 a year pays about £16 less tax if he earns the money, but if he gets his income from investments his gain is nearly £23 10s.: half as much again as the man who works. It is the same sort of thing at all levels. The second point is this. The larger the income the bigger—much

* The broadcast on the Budget by the Chancellor of the Exchequer was published in THE LISTENER last week

bigger—the tax relief. At £600 a year a married man with two children gets a reduction of about 3s. a week. If he is earning £1,000 a year it is 6s. 6d. a week. At £1,500 it is 10s. a week; at £5,000 it is over £2 a week; and if you are very rich and have £10,000 a year, your gain out of these concessions is nearly £5 a week. Contrast that with the 3s. a week for the £600-a-year man.

I know some of you will say: 'Of course, that's natural enough. Richer people pay more in taxes. If you reduce the taxes obviously they are going to get more benefit'. Personally I do not look at it that way. I do not see the logic of that argument. I think the Chancellor, if he has money to give away, should ask himself, 'Where can I do most good? Who really needs the help most? Where does the shoe pinch?'

There are two other things you have got to bring into the picture. The Chancellor has set his face against all other cuts in taxes. Nothing off beer, nothing off tobacco, nothing off petrol, nothing off purchase tax except the tiny cotton concession I mentioned; and you cannot get away from the fact that all these taxes fall pretty heavily on everybody, including many who are too poor to pay income tax, and so get nothing at all from Mr. Butler. Yet there are things he could have done to help. Take, for instance, bus fares. They have been going up a lot lately, we are all pretty conscious of that, and one of the reasons undoubtedly is the heavy burden of the fuel tax. I am not suggesting anything spectacular. But I think there is a pretty good case, if there is money to give away, for cutting the tax on the diesel oil used by buses and so bringing down fares.

Then there are post-war credits. We always hear a lot about them. It is ten years since the war ended. If the Chancellor really feels he has money to give away, surely something could have been done to speed up their repayment. And nothing whatever has been done to help those who are hardest hit by the rise in food prices: in particular the poorest people in the country, those who have to live on National Assistance, have been forgotten. Pensions are going up, I know, but all that most of the people on National Assistance get—and the Govern-

ment decided this last December—is 2s. 6d. a week for a single man and 4s. for a married couple.

That brings me to my second point. Mr. Butler talked about the increase in pensions and other benefits. What he did not tell you where the money is coming from to pay for them. It is not coming from taxation. It is coming overwhelmingly from the increase in contributions which begin in June in a few weeks' time. Every worker in the country is going to have to pay 1s. a week more. It does not matter what his income is, whether it is £7 a week, £17 a week, £27 a week, he is going to take home 1s. a week less in his wage packet. And that 1s. means a lot more to the man with a low wage. Not that—the employers have to pay another 1s. too, and there is no much doubt that they will repay themselves by pushing it on to prices. By the increase of 1s. a week in these contributions, £100,000,000 is being raised.

When you look at the picture as a whole, then, what do you see? You see that there is virtually no relief at all in the taxes on the things people buy. You see that many workers who are too poor to pay income tax are going to have to pay what really amounts to an additional tax of 1s. a week. You see that on top of that everybody is going to have to find the other shilling a week through higher prices. It is because £100,000,000 needed to pay the higher pensions is being raised in this way by contributions that it has been possible for the Chancellor to give away also £100,000,000 in reducing the rates of income tax. It is because of this that he is able to give away substantial sums to company shareholders who have done quite nicely lately, to people with large investment incomes, and to others who are pretty comfortably off. Very little of the total relief is going to go to the 9,000,000 taxpayers who are £10 a week or less.

You will have guessed by now what my answer is to the second question, whether it was right or wrong to give away just this amount of money at this particular time. Not by any stretch of imagination can the particular way in which the money has been distributed be described as either fair or equitable.—*Home Service*

Working Round the Clock

By R. L. MARRIS

DURING the past few months there have been two talks on the Third Programme which bear on the main theme of what I am going to say here. The first speaker, Colin Clark*, gave reasons why he thought that the accumulation and maintenance of an adequate stock of industrial capital no longer presented a major economic problem to this country. Then, a few weeks later, Austen Albu, M.P.†, speaking in reply, gave what I thought were extremely convincing reasons for believing precisely to the contrary.

I have considerable sympathy for Colin Clark's suggestion that the problem of investment has become something of an obsession with the popular economic press. I also accept without reservation his proposition that it is the intangible factors, such as education, enterprise, and technical progress which are the determining factors in economic development. But I cannot accept the implications of his talk as a whole, and I certainly cannot accept what seems to me to be one particular implication, which is that in this country today it does not matter very much if we use our existing capital wastefully or create new capital unnecessarily. I believe that, as a matter of fact, we do as a nation tend to employ our industrial capital in a fashion which is rather wasteful and is insufficiently intensive.

When we lock up resources in new industrial capital, we embody them in a specific technical form, that is, we freeze them. Technology, however, is always advancing. Our whole existing stock of capital is all the time, day by day, year by year, getting out of date. This rate of obsolescence, as it is called, may in some cases be very rapid indeed, and certain types of machines are often literally obsolescent within a year or two of their installation. A major part of the financial allowance which accountants make for 'depreciation' is due, in fact, to obsolescence. If capital depreciated in value because of wear and tear only, depreciation provisions could be much lower than they are. Obsolescence goes on whether the capital in question is being used or not.

Therefore with all kinds of capital equipment—machines, building transport vehicles—it is extremely wasteful to keep the equipment lying idle for any length of time.

Another cogent argument against leaving capital idle for an unnecessary amount of time is the simple economic fact that while resources are locked up in capital they are not available for supporting consumption, in other words, the standard of living. The less time we leave our capital idle, that is the more intensively we use it, the sooner a nation we get our money back and the less is the total sacrifice involved in withholding resources from consumption in order to provide for investment. Therefore, I would argue, if only we could find ways and means of substantially reducing the proportion of time during which our capital is left idle, we could make a considerable saving. We should get more work out of capital before it becomes out of date and should be able to support a dynamic rate of economic development with considerably less investment than would otherwise have been essential. To take one well-known example, the total value of the electricity generating and distributing equipment of the community is about £1,500,000,000, or ten per cent. of the whole total of industrial capital. Yet because the peak load is so high relative to the average daily consumption, and because electricity cannot be stored, all this electric equipment on a typical winter's day is running reasonably near to full capacity only for about eleven hours out of the twenty-four. The massive investment in electricity which is now going on in this country today is largely investment to support peak load only.

Similarly, most ordinary industrial factories are worked only for about forty to fifty hours per week. For the remaining time the valuable machinery and buildings are left idle. In some factories, however—usually factories with rather enterprising managements—two or even three separate shifts are worked each day and so the total weekly working hours for the plant are much higher. This is possible because

* Talk printed in THE LISTENER of March 10.

† Talk printed in THE LISTENER of April 7.

machines, unlike men, do not get tired and do not need leisure. But plants where the possibilities of shift working are fully exploited, represent only a tiny fraction of the total of industrial plants in this country. By far the greater part of our industrial life is geared to the conventional kind of working day. And our transport timetables, our shop opening hours, our entertainment services, our electricity industry, our schools and so on, all are geared to this conventional system. The result is that the shift-working practices of the few are made more difficult, and there is idle capital lying about all over the economy.

I would therefore like to canvass the idea that, as a nation, we might consider experimenting with a considerable extension of shift working practice. In particular, I would advocate extension of the system of double day shifts, because there are obviously definite social objections to extensive night work.

If Office Hours Were Staggered . . .

At the present time, shift working is mainly practised in factories where the machinery used is thought to be unusually expensive, or where shift working became traditional many years ago. But I would go much further than this. For instance, if the hours of London office workers were really staggered, that is, if a double day shift system were introduced, the intensity of the rush hour would be cut nearly in half; fewer buses and tube trains would be needed, traffic congestion would be greatly eased, and the amount of office space required considerably reduced. There could be more open spaces in the centre of London and other big cities; commercial expenditure on rent would be less, and some of this saving could be passed on to office employees in the form of higher salaries. Shops and theatres would reorganise their arrangements to match the new working hours of the industrial population; we should need fewer shops, but not fewer shop assistants, fewer theatres and cinemas, but not fewer actors, and so on. The peak load problem of the electricity industry would be considerably eased, as would the even more serious peak load problem which is going to arise in the atomic energy industry. By working our whole school system on double shifts we should be able to close many old and overcrowded schools. Finally, we should give the *coup de grâce* to the archaic licensing laws; we should need fewer pubs and, I fear, fewer publicans, but happily not fewer barmaids. There are no doubt many other ramifications which I have not thought of.

These are sweeping suggestions. Probably a typical reaction to them would be to say 'interesting and so forth, but largely unrealistic'. There are apparently major social disadvantages. No doubt an extension of shift working would permit higher real wages and incomes all round, in the sense that everyone would be able to afford more tangible goods for consumption. 'But', you might say, 'at what a social cost! The population would become divided into two halves, which would seldom see each other. Some families would have their breadwinners going unpleasantly early to work in the morning, others would have them coming home rather late at night. Lovers might be separated, and so on'. But many of the apparent social drawbacks of shift working at the present time arise mainly because so small a proportion of the working population is now on shift work. They have to suffer for their abnormality. In the few towns in the country where shift working does happen for some reason to be the rule rather than the exception, these social problems appear much less serious.

Thus, while I do not ignore the social drawbacks, I would suggest that, on investigation, the social drawbacks of a general move towards shift working may prove to have been exaggerated. However, it is an essential condition for family life that all members of each family would go to work, to school, and out shopping, on the same shift.

How Can the Change Come About?

I have so far been trying to establish that a revolutionary extension of the shift working system, however disturbing, might well be in the national interest, nevertheless. At least, I put forward the idea as a possibility, though I am not yet convinced that the effort of such a major reorganisation of our working life would in fact be worth the candle. But there is a fundamental difficulty about all these arguments based on national interest. For, how is the change to come about? Shift working is, as a matter of fact, gradually spreading in this country, if only because, now that they come to replace equipment at post-war prices, some firms are at last realising the value of the capital they have been using. Nevertheless, if individual firms are left to decide the question according to the apparent prospects of profit and loss, the revolu-

tionary changes I have in mind would never take place. For an individual firm can look at the facts of the situation only as they are and as it sees them; no single firm, acting alone, can take account of the facts as they might be after a really widespread extension of shift working had occurred.

For an individual firm, change-over from single-shift to double-shift working means a major expansion of output and sales as well as the employment of more workpeople. But beyond a certain point sales can be expanded only by breaking into the markets of competing firms, by expensive advertising, and probably price cutting to boot. At the same time, with full employment, the extra workers required for the second shift must be attracted away from other firms, and this can be done only by offering higher wages and better conditions. Since the workers in the other firms will have had little experience of shift working, they may feel rather conservative about the matter, so that these bonus wages may have to be a good deal higher. (Incidentally, experience tends to show that a substantial number of people prefer shift work, but only after they have become used to it. If, therefore, the major employers in a particular town offer good wages without shift work it will be difficult for any other firm to start the ball rolling by finding the labour to put on another shift. I know of towns where exactly this situation prevails at the moment.)

Prospective Extra Costs

But, returning to our imaginary individual firm, somehow the workers have got to be attracted from other firms. Not only is the 'pirating' of employees from other firms considered by many business men to be rather bad form, I understand; even if it is done it is bound to be doubly expensive for the employer concerned, because all the existing employees in the firm must now be paid at the new higher rates as well. Thus, looked at on a strict profit-and-loss basis from the point of view of an individual firm, the prospective extra costs may be greater than the prospective savings. From a national point of view, however, these particular extra costs—the cost of attracting labour from other firms and the costs of breaking into competitors' markets—would no longer exist if shift working was already widespread. They are not, therefore, factors which should be taken into account when trying to decide whether a major extension of shift working is, on balance, in the national interest. Once shift working had become the normal industrial practice, few non-shift working firms could survive in competition with the rest. So, evidently, in this particular respect the normal forces of competition will not lead naturally to the state of affairs which is best for the nation.

We now reach what might be described as the sinister aspect of my thoughts. A major extension of shift working on the existing stock of industrial capital must mean that a large number of firms would have to close down and their employees be concentrated in the plants of the survivors. One would hope that the actual surviving firms would be the most efficient firms, but, since the process of concentration, if it ever does occur, will not occur through the working of the normal process of competition (for the reasons I have just given), some overt, objective test of efficiency would be needed. I do not pretend that such a test is easy to devise and it certainly would not be easy to apply. All I do say is that our present insistence on allowing the national capital to become spread out thin, as it were, among a large number of industrial concerns of varying efficiency, mostly working single shifts, is something of an expensive luxury which must be significantly responsible for the national standard of living not being higher than it is. Indeed, we have here a new and previously not much discussed aspect of the whole matter.

Probably the greatest single impediment to economic development in this country today is the scarcity of first-class commercial and managerial ability. The whole commercial and technical administration of some firms is vastly more efficient than of others, but all survive because competition is insufficiently ruthless. Of course, more managerial staff would be required in the expanded surviving firms—and I envisage that the management and office staff in these firms would work double shifts themselves, particularly the works managers. But the staff increases in the surviving firms would be substantially less than proportionate to the increase in their production, so at the end of it all the total number of managerial staff needed in the country would be reduced and the weakest members of the class would have to relapse into other occupations. The average standard of management would thus be raised, although I admit that these ruthless improvements have

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

V.H.F.

THE first station operating on very high frequencies (V.H.F.) will be opened by the B.B.C. next Monday at Wrotham in Kent. The object is to enable listeners to obtain in the areas which they cover better reception of the domestic services than is possible at present. For some time now the medium and long wavebands have become overcrowded. It is true that there is an international agreement by which wavelengths are allocated and that every technical device, including the erection of local transmitters, has been used by the B.B.C. to overcome the difficulties incident on this overcrowding. But neither east Germany nor the United States are parties to the international agreement and stations in the former area or operating on the American Forces Network increase the congestion. Above and beyond this are the interferences to clear reception which come from the vacuum cleaner, the refrigerator, or many other electrical devices. In a number of areas some programmes are difficult to obtain for one or other of these reasons. V.H.F. is intended to meet this problem.

There is nothing particularly novel about this solution, which has long been accepted in the United States and in other countries. But the B.B.C. had to await permission to proceed from the Government. Consideration of this development was referred to the Television Advisory Committee (which is also responsible for advising the Government on V.H.F.) when it was reconstituted in October, 1952. The committee had to decide whether the system known as frequency modulation (F.M.) or amplitude modulation (A.M.) was preferable as both require a special type of receiver. The committee reported in favour of F.M. and ultimately, in the summer of 1954, the Government gave the B.B.C. permission to start building stations. When the first ten stations have been completed they will serve 83 per cent. of the listening population in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. The B.B.C. at once set to work and Wrotham, originally built as an experimental station, is intended to cover the London area and a large part of the Home Counties as far as Luton in the north and Hastings in the south. These very short-wave transmissions will be on wavelengths of little more than three metres and in consequence will be liable to very little interference of any kind. Writing in *Radio Times* Mr. Douglas Walters observes that 'in most cases the utter silence between programme items from an F.M. station is so striking, that it is no exaggeration to say that one might easily think the receiver has been switched off'.

The radio industry has produced sets which will tune in both to the new V.H.F. band and to the present medium and long wavebands and also adaptors for use with existing sets, at any rate if they are reasonably new. One can now buy a V.H.F. set for just over £27. Some V.H.F. sets will have an aerial inside the cabinet which may be all that is needed if the set is used fairly near to the transmitting station; farther away an indoor or outdoor aerial will be necessary. The system should prove a boon to all kinds of listeners. Lovers of music will have noted the fine selection of music that is constantly at their disposal: in recent weeks, for example, the performances of Beethoven's Mass in D and recordings of the veteran cellist Casals from his home in Prades. One wants to hear them as much like the original as possible; V.H.F. should help to do that. Even television enthusiasts will note that the hours of transmission are at present limited and newspaper readers will have recalled the value of the objective news bulletins during the recent strike. In the United States sound broadcasting still plays a valuable part, and in this country it is likely to do so for many years to come. But better reception is essential.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Bandung conference

THE AFRO-ASIAN conference at Bandung was the dominant theme throughout the Soviet-Chinese sphere of influence. In the first days of the conference many indignant comments continued to be made about the alleged efforts of the Americans and General Chiang Kai-shek to sabotage the conference. The Indian aeroplane disaster was used as a peg for this purpose, and also—in several broadcasts from China—pointing to the position of Hong Kong. Thus, a broadcast quoting the President of the Chinese Red Cross declared:

If Hong Kong is allowed to continue to be a hornet's nest of American and Chiang Kai-shek secret agents, and the British Government, which is responsible for order in Hong Kong, turns a blind eye to these activities, this situation would then constitute a grave menace to China. This the Chinese people can never tolerate.

Other Chinese broadcasts said that the 'sabotage' of the aircraft strengthened the Chinese people's determination to 'liberate' Formosa and eliminate the Chiang Kai-shek 'traitors'. Then, on April 23 came the Chinese Prime Minister's statement at the Bandung conference, broadcast by Peking radio. He stated:

The Chinese people are friendly to the American people and do not want war with the United States. The Chinese Government is willing to enter into negotiations with the U.S. Government to discuss the question of relaxing tension in the Far East, especially in the Formosa area.

On the following day, Mr. Chou En-lai, addressing the conference added that any negotiations with the United States 'should not in the slightest degree affect the sovereign right of the Chinese people to liberate Formosa'. On April 23 the U.S. State Department announced that the United States would insist on Nationalist China being represented at any discussions on Formosa. A few hours afterwards, Taipei radio reported the Chinese Nationalist Foreign Minister as saying that his country would never sit at the same table with representatives of 'the Soviet puppet regime'. Broadcasts from Peking and the rest of the communist world gave great publicity to speeches at the Bandung conference calling for an end of 'colonialism', for 'peaceful co-existence' and 'national independence', when such speeches had an anti-western implication. But the speech by the Prime Minister of Ceylon in which he called for a resolution condemning, as well as western colonialism, Soviet colonialism in eastern Europe, was not publicised. (In what western commentators described as a 'surprisingly mild reply', Chou En-lai denied that east European countries were Soviet colonies.) Moscow radio spoke of the Iraqi delegate's 'fantastic contentions about the alleged aggressiveness of the Soviet Union and of communism in general'. But, apart from Moscow radio's general reference to 'anti-Soviet speeches' made by 'followers of the U.S.A. at Bandung', the delegates from at least six countries who, like the Ceylon Prime Minister, spoke vigorously about the 'new colonialism' of communism, did not receive publicity.

In the course of a radio and television interview, Mr. Hatoyama, Prime Minister of Japan, said he felt the Bandung conference would succeed 'because of the way of thinking of Nehru, a man of foresight who is making an effort to eliminate the conflict between the communist and free nations'. Cairo radio commented:

If the peoples of Asia and Africa . . . have been compelled to take action independent of the United Nations, it is because they have discovered that the U.N. has not fulfilled its pledges. The world has despaired of the west, and shifted its attention to that light emerging from the east which may show more understanding, compassion, and maturity.

The Yugoslav radio, quoting *Borba*, described the Bandung conference as a great success: the majority of the delegates had shown a desire to establish a spirit of tolerance, broadmindedness, and understanding. In Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as referring to the independent and balanced line taken by the spokesmen for many of the smaller nations represented at Bandung. After praising the Ceylon Prime Minister's suggestion for trusteeship for Formosa, it went on:

There are encouraging signs that communist propaganda is coming up against the challenge of independent Asian and African minds. It is possible to hope that the aims of western democracy will gain wider understanding and that the defensive alliances now led by the Western Powers will be seen in a reasonable light by more of our Asian neighbours.

Did You Hear That?

WHO ARE THE ROTARIANS?

IT IS FIFTY YEARS since the first Rotary Club proclaimed itself in Chicago', said C. R. HEWITT in a Home Service talk. 'It had been club, a fellowship club, for a month or two before that; and its members, one man from each trade or profession working in Chicago, had been meeting at each other's business premises according to a weekly rota, or "in rotation". At its third meeting it considered growing membership and other signs of permanence, and decided to give itself a name. The existence of the rota system prompted an obvious choice: it became the Rotary Club of Chicago. Today, in ninety countries, there are nearly 8,500 clubs with a total of 390,000 members, 100 of the clubs being in Great Britain and Ireland.

'It is a world-wide association of local clubs, whose members are united in the belief that a vocation is rather more than a means to a livelihood: it is an opportunity to improve the common lot; and the job in each town contains one representative from nearly every trade and profession in that town—a chemist, a builder, a schoolmaster, a printer, a solicitor, and so forth. And the purpose of this collectiveness, this "one man one job" rule, is not merely to keep the clubs small and exclusive—as a matter of fact their membership varies from about thirty to over 100. The avowed purpose of it, today, is the promotion of vocational standards of probity and usefulness: for example, encouraging its members, who are all employers or men in what are called executive positions, to be better employers and better executives, and doing that over the widest possible field of commerce and industry. Whatever else it does—and it does a multitude of socially useful things—that idea of "vocational service", as they call it, is paramount.

'To me, the most spectacular thing the Rotarians have ever done was the establishment, during the war, of the committee of refugee ministers of education from the occupied countries, that became, in due course, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation—Unesco. That idea was born in the Rotary Club of London: it was a huge, H. G. Wellsian conception involving an international university, a non-patriotic history of the world, a plan for the education of the world's children on a scale that transcended national pride and prejudice and was to bring men together, the world over, in a sense of common purpose and destiny'.

GEORGE III'S FAMILY AT KEW PALACE

Kew Palace, which has been reopened to the public after its winter closing, is wearing a new look. The palace has been a museum for nearly sixty years; but now it is refurbished, mostly with personal relics and portraits of George III and Queen Charlotte and their children sent by the Queen. Kew Palace was the home of George III's family for some forty years. BARBARA HOOPER, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'George III', she said, 'first used Kew Palace (it was then called the Dutch House) as a sort of boarding-out establishment for some of his fifteen children: There was not room for them all in the White House across the road, where the King and Queen Charlotte were living after his mother died; so he rented the Dutch House from the

descendants of the Dutch merchant who built it early in the seventeenth century, and two cottages on Kew Green. Later on, the White House was pulled down, so George and Charlotte and some of the small Princesses moved over into the Dutch House, renamed the Nursery House, while they were having a great, castellated, gothic palace built by the river. But they never went to live in the castellated palace, and most of them stayed on at the Nursery House till marriage, or illness, or death took them away.

'Kew Palace is a gracious, red-brick, Jacobean building overlooking the river, on the fringe of the Royal Botanical Gardens. It has hardly changed at all since George III and his family lived there, and is now so full of reminders of them all that you can almost feel the ghosts of the royal children playing round the rooms.

'In the white-panelled library there is a set of ivory counters they used to learn their alphabet, with a letter on one side and on the other

a coloured symbol—some of them rather surprising. H for harlequin, Q for quince (not Queen as you might expect), T for twite (which turns out to be a little bird like a sparrow) and X for Xerxes (an important-looking gentleman dressed, oddly enough, like a Tudor yeoman). Beside the alphabet set, there is an elaborate baby's rattle, in silver filigree, with six tinkling bells inside. An inscription on the blue leather case tells that his govern-ess gave it to George IV when he was Prince of Wales; then it was handed on through the family till the Duchess of Gloucester presented it to Queen Victoria for her children. Also in the



Kew Palace

library are portraits of six of the fifteen princes and princesses, worked in silks on paper. George III insisted they should all be brought up with a knowledge of useful arts, so Princess Sophia is shown doing tapestry work, and Prince Ernest Augustus is handling a rake. I am told they did their gardening on a plot behind the palace, where there are now allotments'.

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED SHORT

'The village of Piercebridge', ERNEST WEBSTER related in 'The Northcountryman', 'lies about five miles from Darlington at a point where the old Roman road crosses the River Tees between Yorkshire and Durham. Traces of the Roman camp still remain but the village is now a peaceful, comfortable place, with white-washed farms and cottages round a pleasant green.

'In former times it was a stopping place for the stage coaches. On the Yorkshire side of the river is the George Hotel where the travellers ate a hurried meal while the coachmen changed their horses. It is easy to imagine the scene on some winter's night long ago—the post horn echoing through the woods and the horses galloping down the hill in the moonlight to the riverside. The old hotel is full of such memories. Some are recalled in local stories and legends. One, the strangest of all, inspired a song which rang round the world.

'The story begins in the stage-coach days. At that time the hotel was kept by two bachelor brothers named Jenkins. Among their other possessions the Jenkins brothers had a fine long-case clock. It was an excellent timekeeper, and, being methodical souls, the Messrs. Jenkins probably kept a fairly strict check on the arrival and departure times

of their stage coaches. At a good old age, one of the brothers died. And by a strange coincidence the clock began to lose time, and when the other brother died at the age of ninety, the clock stopped, and never went again.

'It seems a far cry from this quiet village to America and the civil war between the Yankees and the Southern States. But that old grandfather's clock provides a link which spans the ocean. Most of us are familiar with the song, "Marching through Georgia . . . with Sherman's dashing Yankee boys". The composer, it may be remembered, was Henry Clay Work. After the Civil War he visited England and came north to Piercebridge in the 'eighties of last century. And it was here that he was told the story of the two Jenkins brothers and their clock. It fascinated him. From it came the inspiration for his song—"The Grandfather's Clock". In this he told the story of the faithful clock which "stopp'd short, never to go again, when the old man died". The song became a great success when it was sung by the Mohawk Minstrels in Islington. From there it went round the world, and dance bands are still playing it.

'In the George at Piercebridge they still have that old clock which is said to have started the story and the song. It stands in a quiet corner of the lounge where the morning sun shines on its face. The name of the clock maker can barely be read now, but it is, in fact, Thompson of Darlington. A James Thompson, of High Row, Darlington, had a good reputation as a clock maker. When the innkeeper at Piercebridge wanted a grandfather's clock it is most likely that he went to Thompson for it. The Darlington man, who died in 1825, was one of a group of highly skilled craftsmen in the north-east. His clock at Piercebridge has nothing to say to the visitor. Its secret is well hidden behind its smooth, white face. But silent and motionless, it still keeps faith with Jenkins'.

ANIMALS ASLEEP

'There is extraordinary variety in animals' sleeping habits', said FRANK LANE in 'Woman's Hour'. 'Some snakes wake up at midday, go to sleep again before two o'clock, and then sleep till noon of the next day. A rabbit cat-naps about twenty times during the twenty-four hours. In winter our song thrushes are active for about nine hours and spend the rest of the twenty-four hours in sleep. But in high summer they start their day about two in the morning and do not go to rest until about 9.30 at night.

'Some animals literally make their own beds before going to sleep. One of the best-known of these is the gorilla. Gorillas sleep in families and they choose a site which is sheltered, such as a hollow with overhanging trees. The females and young generally make their beds in the trees, but the adult male, who is boss of the family, usually sleeps on the ground. They use dry earth, moss, and other vegetation for the mattress, and sometimes dried twigs as a counterpane. More than twenty-four complete knots have been counted in the creepers and saplings they use. And it is said that even human beings find these beds comfortable enough for a good night's sleep. Gorillas are late risers. They spend a large part of the day asleep—and one of the few occasions when a gorilla will get really angry and attack is when he is rudely awakened.

'Another of the great apes, the orang-utan, nearly always makes its bed in the tree-tops. The bed is made of leafy branches which the orang snaps off and lays down with the broken ends sticking outwards. Some of these tree-top beds are as much as four feet in diameter. The normal position of the orang's hand is with the fingers tightly closed—unlike ours which, of course, is with the fingers only slightly bent. When the orang is comfortably settled in its home-made bed in the tree-top it grips a nearby branch on either side and its fingers

automatically lock. This is, in fact, the same sort of mechanism that we find in a bird's foot.

'There are some birds which probably do not sleep on earth at all for periods during the summer. There has been considerable discussion among ornithologists for years on whether or not swifts sometimes spend the summer nights on motionless wings high above the earth. During the first world war a French aviator, named Guérin, made the most interesting observation. He was flying at night in bright moonlight at about 10,000 feet when he switched off his engine and glided some distance. The aeroplane was suddenly among a strange flight of birds, which appeared to be motionless. The plane hit two birds; afterwards one was found inside the plane, and it was a swift. Since then other people have also made observations on swifts from aeroplanes and it seems to be established today that in the summer some swifts do actually spend the whole night high in the sky. They stay without beating their wings, staying in rising currents of air which support them'.



A sleeping fox

Hermann Fischer

BELLOWS' DICTIONARY

In a 'Midlands Miscellany' MARJORIE HAWLEY spoke about John Bellows, the Quaker lexicographer: "You never do anything; you don't go to the theatre, drink no wine and you eat no meat; then tell me, is your life worth living at all?" asked a Russian in astonishment. John Bellows was in St. Petersburg at the time, and his host simply could not understand how a Quaker was able to enjoy life without these distractions. As a matter of fact, John Bellows was a non-smoker too.

'But no man could enjoy life more than he did. He had a keen sense of humour and his enthusiasms were as eager and infectious as a child's. Whatever he did, whether he was helping refugees, composing a dictionary, or inventing a calculating machine, he did it with great zest and thoroughness, wholeheartedly.

'He came to Gloucester in 1851 to work for a printer, but in a few years' time he set up in business for himself. It is by his famous pocket French dictionary that his name is best known. It was an absolute new idea, a tiny dictionary to slip in your pocket. While he was travelling in Norway the idea came to him, for there was only a book of a word in Norse. "One cannot unpack a portmanteau for the sake of a word", he thought. There and then he decided to compose a pocket dictionary. He chose French as the language because there was a greater demand for it. It took him seven years to prepare. It was much bigger than a pack of playing cards, beautifully printed by hand on very fine paper. Although it was so small it contained 340,000 words. Mark Twain made a humorous reference to its popularity in his *Paris Notes*. He went into a French Protestant Church and found it full of foreigners each carefully following the service. What appeared to be a testament, but was really—"Mr. Bellows' admirable little dictionary".

'In 1869 John Bellows bought Eastgate House, and started to build new premises on what had once been the site of the city gate. Thinking there must be remains of the city wall there, "I put a shaft down to search for it" (he wrote to a friend) "and have laid bare a magnificent mass of masonry. Everyone here believes Gloucester walls to be Norman at the earliest but directly I got down to the masonry began to disinter Roman pottery . . ."

'Bellows presented the Roman pottery, glass, and domestic articles he had found to the local museum. But his most valuable gift was a famous Birdlip mirror. In 1879, men working at a quarry near Birdlip found the skeleton of a woman. She had been buried with all her finery she possessed, and beside her lay her necklaces, ornaments and an oval, bronze mirror. This mirror is one of the finest examples of Celtic art in Britain, and for 1,900 years it had lain undisturbed beside the woman who had admired herself in its shining reflection so long ago'.

Formosa: Bone of Contention

By A BARRISTER-AT-LAW

THE status of Formosa is one of the problems which affect the peace of the world, and many different solutions are being propounded. I am not going to put forward yet another. What I want to do is to sketch the problem as it appears to a lawyer, forced as far as possible from the political passions which obscure it. The salient facts are not much in dispute. This island, which lies some hundred miles from the mainland of China, but whose indigenous inhabitants are not of Chinese race, enjoyed obscure independence for centuries. But in the seventeenth century several invaders tried to capture it. The Japanese were the first, followed by the Dutch, and then the Spaniards, whom the Dutch succeeded in driving out. The Dutch were also successful in keeping out the Portuguese, though the name Formosa, meaning 'The Beautiful', is a legacy of the Portuguese. In 1660 a Chinese adventurer, known as Koxinga, who had thrown his lot with the Ming dynasty, fled to the island with his fleet from the advance of the Manchu invaders on the mainland. Koxinga drove the Dutch out of Formosa, and for twenty years he and his descendants resisted the Manchu forces, which, however, finally conquered and annexed Formosa in 1680. Over 200 years later, in 1895, by the peace treaty which concluded the Sino-Japanese war, China ceded Formosa and the neighbouring group of small islands, the Pescadores, to the Japanese. For the next fifty years there was little sign of resistance to Japanese colonial rule—or even of discontent on the island.

After the Defeat of Japan

In 1945 Japan was defeated in the second world war, and one of the questions which had to be decided was what to do with Formosa. Two years before, at Cairo in 1943, President Roosevelt, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Mr. (as he then was) Winston Churchill had declared that it was their purpose to restore all territories which Japan had stolen from the Chinese, such as Formosa and the Pescadores, to the Republic of China. This declaration was subsequently reiterated by the same three powers at Potsdam on July 26, 1945. Later on, the U.S.S.R. also adhered to the Potsdam Declaration. In the instrument of surrender, in September 1945, Japan accepted the terms of the Potsdam Declaration. Thereafter the forces of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek were authorised to accept, on behalf of all the powers who had been at war with Japan, the surrender of Japanese forces on Formosa, and to establish their administration there.

Let us consider the legal implications of all these steps. International law relating to cession of territory from one state to another has become fairly well settled by state practice over the centuries. Two elements are necessary for a valid cession: there must be both a treaty concluded between the ceding state and the state to which the territory is ceded; and actual transfer of sovereignty. Unfortunately, there is probably as yet no rule of international law which makes the consent of the population affected by the cession a condition of valid cession, but there is an established practice that treaties of cession of territory should at least give those inhabitants of the ceded territory who do not wish to come under the rule of the new sovereign an opportunity of leaving. Furthermore, a treaty of cession which is imposed on a state as the result of defeat in war is perfectly valid in international law. If they were not so, the sovereignty over many parts of the globe would be in dispute. So the cession of Formosa to Japan in 1895 was perfectly valid, and the reference by the three statesmen at Cairo in 1943 to territories 'stolen' by Japan from China must be regarded as rhetoric rather than as a statement of the legal position.

I do not myself, then, see how it can be contended, as some contend, that there was a complete and valid cession of Formosa to China in 1945. There was certainly *de facto* occupation of the island by the Chinese forces to whom the Japanese surrendered. But the vital treaty of cession had not been concluded. All that had happened was that the Allied Powers and Japan had accepted the obligation to cede Formosa to China, and this obligation is still binding. But it was what lawyers call an agreement to make an agreement. Until it has been implemented it cannot be said that Formosa is or has been part of

China at any time since 1895. Therefore, with respect, I think Mr. Dean Acheson was wrong when he said, as reported in *The Times* on January 6, 1950, that 'whatever sort of China was recognised, Formosa should be regarded as part of it'.

Politics Come into the Picture

In the ordinary course of events the cession of Formosa to China would have been implemented in a treaty of peace with Japan. But this is where politics comes into the picture. I do not suppose it was envisaged in 1943 that the post-war world would be torn assunder, divided into communist and non-communist states which are unable to agree among themselves. Even less was it contemplated that China would be ravaged by civil war, or that this civil war would end with a victory of the communists, which in turn would leave the Potsdam powers divided in view as to which government represented China.

By 1949 Chiang Kai-shek and his forces had been driven from the Chinese mainland and were established on Formosa. In spite of the fact that the National Government of China, headed by Chiang Kai-shek, was no longer in control of any Chinese territory, apart from a few small islands off the coast—because, legally, Formosa could not be regarded as Chinese territory—their government remains the only government admitted to represent China in the United Nations. A number of countries headed by the United States have continued to recognise the National Government of Chiang Kai-shek as the only lawful government of China. Other countries, including Britain, have recognised Mao Tse-tung's Central People's Government as the only lawful government of China. I know that there are many who hold the view that the United States is wrong in continuing to recognise the Government of Chiang Kai-shek. There are also many who take the view that the British recognition of the Central People's Government was premature and ill-advised. But these are political, not legal questions. So far as international law is concerned, the United States is just as much entitled to recognise the Government of Chiang Kai-shek as we are to recognise the government of Mao Tse-tung. The fact that Chiang Kai-shek controls virtually no Chinese territory makes no difference—just as it made no difference to our right to recognise the various exiled governments in London during the war as the only *de jure* governments of their invaded countries. But so long as Britain and the United States, as signatories of the Cairo Declaration, are not agreed on which government of China is the lawful one, it will not be possible to ensure that Formosa is ceded to China. The agreement remains valid; its implementation is unavoidably postponed.

Solemnities of the Law

In 1950 the British Foreign Office officially expressed the view that in law Formosa still remained a part of Japanese territory. This was no more than acknowledgement of the established legal principle that, until cession has been completed by a treaty, the sovereignty in law over the territory to be ceded remains unchanged. These solemnities of the law should not be dismissed as idle forms. International society rests, or should rest, on the basis of established order. Sovereignty over territory, which affects the lives of so many people, cannot be put off and on like an overcoat, if any order is to survive. But this legal status of Formosa underwent a change on September 8, 1951, when a treaty of peace was signed at San Francisco between Japan and a whole number, but not all, of her former enemies. Had it been a treaty of peace of the usual kind, with all the former belligerents as parties, this would have been the moment to effect the promised cession of Formosa to China. Unhappily, the political divisions in the world made this usual form of peace treaty impossible. The U.S.S.R. refused to sign the treaty, and attended the preparatory conference only as an observer. In view of the difference of policy about the recognition of the government of China, neither government of China could be or was invited to the conference. Since China was not a party to the peace treaty, there could be no possibility of cession of Formosa: cession, like any contract, requires

two parties. Hence, all that the treaty of San Francisco provides is that 'Japan renounces all rights titles and claims to Formosa and the Pescadores'. The result in law was that Formosa ceased on that date to be Japanese territory, but without becoming Chinese territory.

One may think that that is not a very satisfactory position, and indeed it is not. But it is one inevitable result of the fact that the powers are not agreed on the government which should be recognised as the lawful government of China. The solution of the problem of Formosa belongs to the realm of international politics rather than to that of law. All that a lawyer can do is to indicate a few basic propositions as the framework within which a solution should lie, if it is to be based on rules of law:

(1) The claim of the People's Government of China that Formosa is in law Chinese territory cannot be regarded as well founded.

(2) If and when one government is recognised as the lawful government of China by all the former enemies of Japan, an obligation will arise to implement the Cairo Declaration by ensuring the transfer of sovereignty over Formosa to that government. But those inhabitants of Formosa who do not wish to come under the sway of China, whether they be original inhabitants or members of Chiang Kai-shek's forces,

must be given the option of leaving before the transfer takes effect.

(3) Until such a legal cession can take place, the powers formerly at war with Japan must be regarded in the position of trustees of Formosa and the Pescadores. To put it less technically, they are rather in the position of a man who is in charge of someone else's property, pledged to return it to its owner eventually, but unable through force of circumstances to return it to him at present. This imposes on all the powers whichever government of China they may recognise, not only a right but a duty to ensure that these islands are protected from armed attack. It is for this reason that the alternative of neutralisation, which would depend in the last resort on the good faith of the communist Government of China, is rejected by those who do not view communist government with optimism.

(4) If the Allied Powers should decide that there is no hope in the foreseeable future of a universally recognised government of China, they would be within their rights in deciding to recognise Formosa as an independent state. But it is obvious that such recognition would be a mockery unless the powers were at the same time prepared to safeguard the independence of Formosa from the attack with which it is now threatened.—*Home Service*

The Bolshevik Revolution in Perspective—

E. H. CARR on innovation and tradition

THE prelude to the most recent period of Russian history was the emancipation of the serfs in 1861. This, by breaking the legal fetters which riveted the peasant to the land, created the raw material of an industrial proletariat and made possible the development in Russia of a 'free' labour market, the essential condition of the advent of industrial capitalism. The process advanced slowly in face of inertia and obstruction. But in the eighteen-nineties the Franco-Russian alliance stimulated an abundant flow of capital investment to Russia for the purpose of building up Russia's industrial and military strength. Under these impulses Russian industry, and especially heavy industry, developed in the twenty years before 1914 at an astonishingly rapid rate.

But the same impulses gave a peculiar twist to the industrialisation of the Russian economy. First of all, large-scale Russian industry almost from the moment of its birth was geared to the production of 'war potential', including railway construction, rather than to the needs of a consumer market. It was 'planned' in the sense that it depended primarily on government orders, not on spontaneous market demand, and it was financed by loans accorded for political reasons rather than for the traditional 'capitalist' motive of earning commercial profits; in these respects it anticipated much that was to happen under the five-year plans thirty years later. Secondly, the tardy arrival of industrialisation in Russia meant that it skipped over many of the earlier stages through which the much slower growth of industrialisation had passed in western Europe—the gradual transformation from the single-handed craftsman to the small workshop, and from the first primitive factory to the giant agglomeration employing hundreds and thousands of workmen. Russian industry, the youngest in Europe and in other respects the most backward, was the most advanced in respect of the concentration of production in large-scale units.

Thus the hothouse development of Russian industry, in its haste to catch up the time-lag by an intensive borrowing from western models, once more skipped the gradual, formative stage, and carried it at one step from infancy to adult stature. In so doing, it created a social structure sharply differentiated from that of the older industrial communities of western Europe, so that western influence, and even conscious imitation of western models, failed to reproduce in Russia the characteristic western pattern. In the west, the industrial worker contrived to retain, even in the age of mass production, something of the personal skills and independent spirit of the artisan. In Russia, the vast majority of the new generation of industrial workers were still peasants in factory clothes. But to drive the peasant into the factories and force on him the rigours of factory routine required—before, as after, the revolution of 1917—a harsh and relentless discipline, which shaped relations between industrial management and the industrial

worker on lines of a sharply defined class hostility. Weak and backward as it was, the Russian proletariat provided a more fertile soil than advanced proletariats of the west for the proletarian revolution. Industrialisation, which had begun in the traditional Russian fashion as a 'revolution from above', was for the first time creating some of the conditions for a 'revolution from below'. Once again, a process in motion under western influence and in imitation of the west, developed a peculiar national character of its own.

The political history of Russia in the latter half of the nineteenth century reflected its economic foundations. Just as the emancipation of the serfs was a belated attempt to modernise the Russian economy on western lines, so the political reforms which accompanied it were an attempt to bring an obsolete system of government up to date by borrowing and adapting western liberal and democratic institutions. The courts were reformed, rudimentary social services established, and an enlightened—though scarcely democratic—machinery of local self-government grafted on to the rigid, age-old trunk of autocratic power. But, just as the Russian economy developed in a forcing-house atmosphere, temperature maintained by pressures from without, so the political reforms grew not from the strength of their own native roots, but under alien impulses from western Europe; and the product was something which, though ostensibly imitated from the west, had a national character all its own. The Russian liberal was an isolated intellectual, the conscious imitator of a western model. Personally sincere, he was without political weight; in the time of crisis he could not play the role of his western counterpart. The Russian intelligentsia was a substitute for the western middle class. Institutions and social groups deriving directly from imitation of western models, were quickly transformed in Russian conditions into something alien to the west—distinctively national; and since they looked western, but were not in fact western at all, western critics naturally, though not quite fairly, regarded them as shams.

The history of the Bolshevik revolution fitted perfectly into this complicated pattern of conflict and compromise between western innovation and national tradition. No previous innovator in Russian history had drawn so frankly and unreservedly as Lenin on the experience and example of the west, or had spoken in such open contempt of Russian native backwardness. Before 1914, Lenin, Trotsky, and all Russian Marxists looked up to the Germans as their mentors and more experienced elder brothers. The doctrine that the Russian revolution was merely the forerunner of the much more important German, European, and eventually world-wide proletarian revolution, and indeed dependent on such a revolution for its own survival, was an extreme expression of the traditional belief of Russian reformers in the backwardness of Russia and in the need to imitate, and learn from,

st. The Russian national tradition was weighed and found wanting almost every field. The Russian past was condemned root and branch. The very name of Russia disappeared from the official title of the new authority which, with grandiose universality, described itself as 'workers' and peasants' government'. If the temporary headquarters of the proletarian world revolution had been set up in Russia, this was more than an unexpected and rather disconcerting accident. Yet, within a few years, innovation undertaken in time of emergency in unconscious imitation of the west was reabsorbed into a national setting, and took on a specifically national colour, acquiring the characteristically dual and ambivalent attitude of Russia towards Europe. It was at once a legacy from the west and a turning against the west. In this sense, 'socialism in one country' was a repetition of what had happened countless times before in Russian history.

Learning from the Capitalists

Premonitory symptoms of this development might have been detected, even before the revolution, in the revolutionary movement itself. Marxism came to Russia, not merely as a western doctrine, but as a doctrine requiring the development of Russia on capitalist lines in direct and unconscious imitation of the west; only when Russia had followed the west on the path of industrialisation could she fulfil her Marxist destiny. 'Let us recognise our uncultured condition, and go to school to the capitalists' was the conclusion of a famous article by Struve, the founder of 'legal Marxism'. In the eighteen-nineties Russian Marxists found themselves in the anomalous position of sharing and applauding the aims of Witte, the arch-capitalist and protagonist of the policy of industrialisation. The first organised Russian Marxist group had been founded in the eighteen-eighties by Russian émigrés in western Europe. The Russian Social-Democratic Workers' Party, which was created at the turn of the century, borrowed, in token of its need and ambitions, the name of the German Social-Democratic Workers' Party, which it did not cease to regard as its model and mentor. Nothing in Russian history seemed so unimpeachably and unreservedly western, so free of any Russian taint, as the Russian Marxist movement.

Yet contrary symptoms were not slow to develop. Scarcely had the Russian Social-Democratic Workers' Party begun to organise itself when, at the congress of 1903, the split occurred between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. The apparently trivial differences were significant, the split deep and lasting. Henceforth Russian Marxists were divided on the issue whether their party should stick to its western model or adapt itself to specifically Russian conditions, whether it should organise itself as a broad party of opinion, or equip itself for the conspiratorial activities which were the only means of action open to the left in Russia. Unconsciously, the Mensheviks were the westerners in the party, the Bolsheviks the easterners. And the issue quickly broadened out into fundamental questions of Marxist doctrine. The Bolsheviks, as practical revolutionaries, were brought face to face with the dilemma of the Russian peasant, who constituted more than eighty per cent. of the population of Russia. Lenin understood that no Russian revolution could be made except in a broad-based alliance with the Russian peasantry, whose revolutionary potentialities were amply attested in Russian history. As early as 1905 he postulated as the culminating point of the first phase of the Russian revolution a 'democratic dictatorship of the workers and peasants'. When the moment finally came in 1917 Lenin ostentatiously borrowed the *narodnik* agrarian programme of the Social-Revolutionaries and embodied it in the land decree, and thus firmly anchored the Bolshevik revolution in the Russian national tradition of peasant land-hunger and peasant revolt. The Russian proletarian revolution was carried out with the aid, not of the western proletariat, but of the Russian peasant. This single fact, more than any other, determined its subsequent course.

Slavophilising Marxists

The incorporation of this 'eastern' element in the amalgam of Bolshevism had not escaped the attention of critics. A Menshevik journal which appeared spasmodically in Petersburg after the 1905 revolution dubbed the Bolsheviks 'Slavophilising Marxists'. Plekhanov denounced Lenin's attitude towards the peasantry as non-Marxist and the revival of *narodnik* heresies. In 1912, Trotsky and the Mensheviks were demanding the 'Europeanisation' of the movement; and Lenin in reply tauntingly compared Axelrod, the Menshevik leader, with a naked savage who puts on a top hat and imagines himself a European.

When Lenin proclaimed the ambition of the Bolsheviks to seize power from the hands of the Provisional Government, it was a common charge that he was acting as a disciple of Bakunin, not of Marx; and no less an opponent than Milyukov compared him with the Slavophil leaders.

That the Marxism of the Bolsheviks was as authentic, and therefore as 'western', as the Marxism of the Mensheviks is a perfectly tenable view. But the discrepancies between them were patent. Of the two strands which went to make the composite fabric of Marxist teaching, the Bolsheviks represented primarily the revolutionary, voluntarist element, the Mensheviks the evolutionary, determinist element. The Bolsheviks spoke of the need to act in order to change the world, the Mensheviks of the need to study the forces which were changing it and to conform their action to these forces. Finally the Bolsheviks put their faith in a conscious minority which would lead the masses and galvanise them into action; the Mensheviks more cautiously awaited the moment when the hidden forces of change would ripen and penetrate the consciousness of the masses; the divergence was directly reflected in their differing views of party organisation.

On all these issues the views of the Mensheviks coincided far more closely than those of the Bolsheviks with the prevailing attitude of western Marxists. It was always the Mensheviks who, even before 1917, could win sympathy and support in their quarrels with the Bolsheviks from the socialists of western Europe; and this alone sufficed to give Bolshevism, whatever the sources of its inspiration, a certain Russian, or non-western, colour. Nor could it be denied that the belief in the need for a group of highly conscious and highly organised professional revolutionaries to lead the unconscious and 'spontaneous' action of the mass of the workers was a far more accurate response to Russian than to western conditions. Already in 1917 Bolshevism was Marxism applied to Russian conditions and interpreted in the light of them.

Subtle Combination

The product of the marriage of Bolshevism with Russian patriotism, following the victory of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, was a messianism which subtly combined Marxist and Russian features. The last of the great European countries to acquire the sense of a national mission, Russia in the nineteenth century developed her cult of a national destiny with peculiar fervour and devotion. For Russia was not merely a nation among nations. Its mission was to transcend nationality by becoming the archetype of universal humanity. Dostoevsky found in Pushkin, the typical Russian, the type of the 'all-man', and declared through the mouth of Shatov in *The Devils* that Russia was a 'god-bearing nation'. Russian messianism, in the hands of the Pan-Slav school, issued in crude forms of Russian chauvinism. But it was also deeply penetrated by a consciousness of Russian backwardness and poverty, of the bleakness of the Russian land and the 'darkness' of the Russian people. The despised and rejected would put down the mighty from their seat; the humble and meek would inherit the world. The sense of a Russian national mission was never wholly divorced from the notion of a national purification and regeneration which would enable Russia to purify and regenerate the decaying west.

Thus, Russian messianism, like the Slavophilism out of which it sprung, could accommodate itself without much difficulty to revolutionary ambitions. It inspired Bakunin to see the salvation of mankind in the destructive, yet creative, turbulence of the Russian peasant. It inspired a whole generation of *narodniks* to find in the Russian peasant *mir* the pledge of a future socialist organisation of society. It moved Tolstoy not only to make the Russian peasant the key of his philosophy of life, but to write, under the impact of the 1905 revolution, that, 'as the French were called in 1789 to renew the world, so also are the Russians called in 1905'. The conception of a Russian mission, at once revolutionary and national, to emancipate and regenerate mankind was rooted in Russian thinking before the Bolshevik revolution of 1917.

These traditions of the Russian past created a soil in which Bolshevism could easily develop the latent anti-western elements in its composition, and merge its Marxist messianism in an older Russian messianism. There is on record a curious remark of Sokolnikov made in the party central committee a few weeks after the revolution. 'History', said Sokolnikov, 'clearly shows that the salt of the earth is moving gradually eastwards. In the eighteenth century France was the salt of the earth, in the nineteenth century Germany: now it is Russia'. It was the old idea derived from Hegel and Herder of the torch of civilisation being carried successively by different nations or

racism. But the shift entailed the introduction of specifically Russian elements. The time-honoured Russian pattern of spasmodic advance, hastening to catch up with the west and, in the process, skipping over intermediate stages through which western progress had passed, had been repeated in the preparations for the Russian revolution. Trotsky's theory of 'permanent revolution' was devised to meet the dilemma arising from specifically Russian conditions—the absence in Russia of a powerful bourgeoisie capable of realising the bourgeois revolution which was a necessary stage in western conceptions of Marxist development; and Lenin, while formally rejecting the theory, adopted in 1917 what was virtually the same expedient of making the Bolshevik seizure of power do simultaneous duty as the last act of the bourgeois revolution and the first of the socialist revolution. Russian history had experienced one more violent and abrupt transition from 'childhood' to 'manhood'. Even the initial appeal of the 'workers' and peasants' government' to the world for peace and brotherhood among the nations might have seemed to reflect the long-standing claim of the Russian people to fulfil a universal, and not purely national, role.

Then, as the new regime found itself isolated and driven to the wall by its enemies, domestic and foreign, and exposed to the hazards of civil war, the old pattern of revolution from above began, imperceptibly at first, to substitute itself for the revolution from below which had carried the Bolsheviks to victory in October 1917; and the dictatorship of the proletariat fell into the mould of reforming autocracy. Finally, when peasant discontent forced the 'retreat' into NEP, another jarring, but irresistible, Russian force had imposed itself on the original Marxist conception of the revolution. The question which the Bolshevik leaders had to ask themselves in 1921 was essentially the question which had divided the westerners and the Slavophiles. Would the triumph of socialism in Russia be achieved by following the western path, or by following a specifically Russian line of development? If the first answer were accepted, reliance must be placed on the development of industry and the proletariat, if necessary at the expense of the peasant. If the second answer were accepted, reliance must be placed on conciliating the peasant and winning his support for increased agricultural production as the pre-requisite of an advance to socialism.

Lenin's Compromise

As always in Russian history, a clear-cut choice between the two answers was impossible. Russia could neither unconditionally pursue, nor totally reject, the western path. In NEP Lenin found the compromise between the two answers—the 'link' between proletariat and peasantry which would for a time make it possible to travel the two roads simultaneously. But the compromise, which was also a 'retreat', had ideological implications; and these implications also carried reflections of the Russian past. The resistance of the Russian peasant to Marxism was the resistance of the traditional Russian way of life to western innovation.

During the first years of the regime the revolutionary impetus continued to predominate, while the familiar features of the Russian landscape and the Russian outlook slowly emerged from beneath the revolutionary flood. But as the Soviet Government became more and more openly the heir of Russian state power and attracted to itself traditional feelings of Russian patriotism, it proclaimed its mission in terms which conveyed to sensitive ears unmistakable echoes of the Russian past. Moscow, restored to her ancient glory as the national capital, was once again conscious of a mission to renew, out of the fullness of her uncorrupted youth and vigour, the decrepit and decadent west, and was once again covering material backwardness by boastful assertions of superior vitality and superior humanity and superiority of understanding. The fulfilment of the eschatological promises of Marxism was delayed, like the Second Advent, far beyond the original expectations of the faithful; and, when this delay bred the inevitable compromises with power and expediency, the process of degeneration from the pure ideal took on specifically Russian forms in a Russian context. As the cause of Russia and the cause of communism began to coalesce into a single undifferentiated whole, the resulting amalgam showed clear traces of both the original components out of which it had been formed; the idiom was a blend of both elements. This process, subtle and undeclared, was well advanced when Stalin first propounded the hybrid doctrine of 'socialism in one country'.

But what has happened in the last thirty years to this amalgam and to the elements out of which it was made? We know the sequel of the French revolution as described by Tocqueville:

When that vigorous generation, which had begun the revolution, had

been either destroyed or enervated, as commonly happens to every generation which first embarks on such enterprises; when, following the natural course of events of this kind, the love of freedom had been discouraged and languished in the face of anarchy and popular tyranny; and when the distracted nation began to grope after a makeshift absolute government found prodigious facilities for its re-birth and consolidation, discovered without difficulty by the genius of the man who was destined at one and the same time to continue and to destroy the revolution.

Was Trotsky Justified?

Was Trotsky justified in speaking of the Russian Thermidor, the degeneration of the Bolshevik Party and of the destruction of the revolution by Stalin? Certainly evidence can be found in the Stalin epoch of some such process as that through which the French revolution passed under Napoleon. We are familiar with the resuscitation of the 'thirties and 'forties of Russian patriotic sentiment, of emphasis on the glories of past Russian achievement, military, literary, scientific. We have witnessed a revival of the time-honoured machinery of repression, of much of the apparatus of the Tsarist police-state. We have followed the growth of an official ideology as rigid and scholastic as the religious and political orthodoxies of Tsarism. If one points to the immense new revolution of industrialisation in the factories and collectivisation in the countryside accomplished by Stalin, the retort can be made that this was no longer a revolution from below in the style of 1917, but a revolution from above in the old-established Russian national tradition. Few people will doubt that the Russian revolution for all its western origin, has been profoundly affected by the Russian mould into which it was cast, and that the continuity of Russian history has powerfully reasserted itself after the break of 1917.

Nevertheless, it would, I think, be a serious mistake to underestimate the lasting significance of what happened in 1917, or to pretend, as some contemporary writers do, that the new U.S.S.R. is nothing but the old Russia writ large. If we compare the highly industrialised, organised, modernised U.S.S.R. of today with the primitive, ramshackle, predominantly agrarian structure of thirty years ago, we shall find it difficult to resist the conclusion that Stalin, whatever his role in restoring a Russian national tradition, is the greatest westerner in Russian history since Peter the Great. The process of catching up with the west has still very far to go. But it has made stupendous strides in the last thirty years; and it is no longer altogether paradoxical to suggest that the ultimate significance of the revolution may have been to sweep Russia for the first time into the main stream of world history.

If I were asked to say whether the element of change or the element of continuity, of innovation or of tradition, has been more potent in Russian history in the last thirty years, I think I should have to come down on the side of change. The question, like so many other great historical questions, is still open. But, if we look at what is happening in Russia today, there can be little doubt that the tension between the driving forces of the revolution and the material backwardness of the Russian environment is still the central problem of Russian history.

—Third Programme

'La Vieille au Chapelet'

who left her nunnery when old, having lost her faith, and became Cézanne's servant; the picture was discarded by the artist; it now hangs in the National Gallery

Sit down and let him paint you there
And gaze into the dying glare
And tell with your arthritic hands
Your useless beads of prayer.

He too who painted you lost faith,
His passionate patience worn to a thread;
He turned his canvas to the dark,
Dark which forgives the dead.

But now it hangs a masterpiece
Among its peers of time, or even
Peerless: was your faith found and hung
A masterpiece in heaven?

HAL SUMMERS

The Greatness of Albert Einstein

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

EINSTEIN was indisputably one of the greatest men of our time. He had in a high degree the simplicity characteristic of the best men of science—a simplicity which comes of a single-minded desire to know and understand things that are completely impersonal. He had also the faculty of not taking familiar things for granted. Newton wondered why apples fall; Einstein expressed 'surprised thankfulness' that four equal rods can make a square, since in most of the universes that he could imagine there could be no such things as squares.

Moral Qualities and Political Interests

He showed greatness also in his moral qualities. In private, he was modest and unassuming; towards colleagues he was (so far as I could see) completely free from jealousy, which is more than can be said of Newton or Leibniz. In his later years, relativity was more or less eclipsed, in scientific interest, by quantum theory, but I never discovered any sign that this vexed him. He was profoundly interested in world affairs. At the end of the first world war, when I first came in contact with him, he was a pacifist, but Hitler led him (as he led me) to abandon this point of view. Having previously thought of himself as a citizen of the world, he found that the Nazis compelled him to think of himself as a Jew, and to take up the cause of the Jews throughout the world. After the end of the second world war, he joined the group of American scientists who were attempting to find a way of avoiding the disasters to mankind that are threatened as a result of the atomic bomb.

When Congressional Committees in America began their inquisitorial investigations into supposed subversive activities, Einstein wrote a letter to the press urging that all men holding academic posts should refuse to testify before these committees or before the almost equally tyrannical boards set up by some universities. His argument for this advice was that, under the Fifth Amendment, no man is obliged to answer a question if the answer will incriminate him, but that the purpose of the Fifth Amendment had been defeated by the inquisitors, since they held that refusal to answer may be taken as evidence of guilt. If Einstein's policy had been followed even in cases where it was absurd to presume guilt, academic freedom would have greatly profited. But, in the general *sauf qui peut*, none of the 'innocent' listened to him. In these various public activities he has been completely self-effacing and only anxious to find ways of saving the human race from the misfortunes brought about by its own follies. But while the world applauded him as a man of science, in practical affairs his wisdom was so simple and so profound as to seem to the sophisticated like mere foolishness.

Effects of Theory of Relativity

Although Einstein has done much important work outside the theory of relativity, it is by this theory that he is most famous—and rightly, for it is of fundamental significance both for science and for philosophy. Many people (including myself) have attempted popular accounts of this theory, and I will not add to their number on this occasion. But I will try to say a few words as to how the theory affects our view of the universe. The theory, as everyone knows, appeared in two stages: the special theory in 1905, and the general theory in 1915. The special theory was important both in science and in philosophy; first, because it accounted for the result of the Michelson-Morley experiment, which had puzzled the world for thirty years; secondly, because it explained the increase of mass with velocity, which had been observed for electrons; thirdly, because it led to the interchangeability of mass and energy, which has become an essential principle in physics. These are only some of the ways in which it was scientifically important.

Philosophically, the special theory demanded a revolution in deeply rooted ways of thought, since it compelled a change in our conception of the spatio-temporal structure of the world. Structure is what is most significant in our knowledge of the physical world, and for ages structure had been conceived as depending upon two different mani-

folds, one of space, the other of time. Einstein showed that, for reasons partly experimental and partly logical, the two must be replaced by one which he called 'space-time'. If two events happen in different places, you cannot say, as was formerly supposed, that they are separated by so many kilometres and minutes, because different observers, all equally careful, will make different estimates of the kilometres and minutes, all equally legitimate. The only thing that is the same for all observers is what is called 'interval', which is a sort of combination of space-distance and time-distance as previously estimated.

The general theory has a wider sweep than the special theory, and is scientifically more important. It is primarily a theory of gravitation. No advance whatever had been made in explaining gravitation during the 230 years since Newton, although the action at a distance that it seems to demand had always been repugnant. Einstein made gravitation part of geometry; he said that it was due to the character of space-time. There is a law called the 'Principle of Least Action', according to which a body, in going from one place to another, chooses always the easiest route, which may not be a straight line: it may pay you to avoid mountain-tops and deep valleys. According to Einstein (to use crude language, misleading if taken literally), space-time is full of mountains and valleys, and that is why planets do not move in straight lines. The sun is at the top of a hill, and a lazy planet prefers going round the hill to climbing up to the summit. There were some very delicate experimental tests by which it could be decided whether Einstein or Newton fitted the facts more accurately. The observations came out on Einstein's side, and almost everybody except the Nazis accepted his theory.

The Expanding Universe

Some odd things have emerged as a consequence of the general theory of relativity. It appears that the universe is of finite size, although unbounded. (Do not attempt to understand this unless you have studied non-Euclidean geometry.) It appears also that the universe is continually getting bigger. Theory shows that it must be always getting bigger, or always getting smaller; observation of distant nebulae shows that it is getting bigger. Our present universe seems to have begun about 2,000,000,000 years ago; what, if anything, there was before that, it is impossible to conjecture.

I suppose that in the estimation of the general public Einstein is still reckoned as a revolutionary innovator. Among physicists, however, he has become the leader of the Old Guard. This is due to his refusal to accept some of the innovations of quantum theory. Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy, along with other principles of that theory, has had very curious results. It seems that individual occurrences in atoms do not obey strict laws, and that the observed regularities in the world are only statistical. What we know about the behaviour of matter, according to this view, is like what insurance companies know about mortality. Insurance companies do not know and do not care which of the individuals who insured their lives will die in any given year. All that matters to them is the statistical average of mortality. The regularities to which classical physics accustomed us are, we are now told, of this merely statistical sort. Einstein never accepted this view. He continued to believe that there are laws, though as yet they have not been ascertained, which determine the behaviour of individual atoms. It would be exceedingly rash for anyone who is not a professional physicist to allow himself an opinion on this matter until the physicists are all agreed, but I think it must be conceded that on this matter the bulk of competent opinion was opposed to Einstein. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that he had done epoch-making work in quantum theory, which would have put him in the first rank among physicists even if he had never thought of the theory of relativity.

Quantum theory is more revolutionary than the theory of relativity, and I do not think that its power of revolutionising our conceptions of the physical world is yet completed. Its imaginative effects are very

curious. Although it has given us new powers of manipulating matter, including the sinister powers displayed in the atom and hydrogen bombs, it has shown us that we are ignorant of many things which we thought we knew. Nobody before quantum theory doubted that at any given moment a particle is at some definite place and moving with some definite velocity. This is no longer the case. The more accurately you determine the place of a particle, the less accurate will be its velocity: and the more accurately you determine the velocity, the less accurate will be its position. And the particle itself has become some-

thing quite vague, not a nice little billiard ball as it used to be. When you think you have caught it, it produces a convincing alibi as a wave and not a particle. In fact, you know only certain equations of wave, the interpretation is obscure.

This point of view was distasteful to Einstein, who struggled to remain nearer to classical physics. In spite of this, he was the one to open the imaginative vistas which have revolutionised science during the present century. I will end as I began: he was a great man, perhaps the greatest of our time.—*Home Service*

Claudél and the Catholicity of the Universe

By PIERRE EMMANUEL

PAUL CLAUDEL, born eighty-seven years ago, on the Day of the Transfiguration of our Lord, died last February at the very first hour of Ash Wednesday. Believers in signs will find such dates particularly meaningful as regards Claudel's life and work. Claudel has always put more emphasis on the joyful than on the mournful mysteries. The fifty volumes he has written are all songs of praise and victory: they celebrate not only God's greatness but man's greatness in God.

Mutual Symbolism of Life and Work

A great creator is a man whose life and work are mutually symbolical. Biographers go to great lengths to recapture and make one the spiritual sense of both: we want a man to prove his word in his life, and his life in his word. As for Claudel, his life and work show from the beginning a visible and constant identity. He has the same absolute faith in himself as in the world he was building up. His career as a man of action expresses the same will as his poetry: to possess the whole universe, *ad maiorem Dei et Claudeli gloriam*.

What is the focus of that identity? Most of us spend our whole lives trying to give ourselves a centre, to discover some unifying principle that always seems to escape our reach. Even when we believe in a definite creed, we are still doubting it, or we do not adjust it to our intellectual endeavours: we are divided against ourselves. Our faith is not an absolute: it is an endless passion towards faith. Claudel knew nothing of the sort: at eighteen, faith came upon him like a thunderbolt. It happened at Christmas in Notre-Dame, while the choir sang the *Magnificat*. 'Then', says Claudel, 'the event occurred that was to rule over my whole life. In a moment my heart was touched and I believed'.

The same day he opened his Bible, and found there the two keywords to his vocation. First the encounter between Christ and the disciples at Emmaus; when, according to Claudel, the Saviour explains to the world the allegorical significance of the Bible, its relation with His Incarnation, with His Redemption, and with all Catholic mysteries. The second passage is the eighth chapter of the Book of Proverbs, where eternal Wisdom says: 'When he prepared the heavens, I was there: when he set a compass upon the face of the depth'. Thus, on the day of his conversion, Claudel meets face to face Christ and eternal Wisdom. She encompasses the world, whereas Christ reveals the presence of God throughout history, the universal symbolism of the Bible. Both actions are complementary: Jacob's ladder starts from natural knowledge and rises to universal mystery. The essential oneness of the universe, from the beginning to the end of time, is impressed upon the young convert as a single eternal fact. Now he does not need to strive for unity any more: he has only to live it, to proffer it in his language, for the word is given us in order to communicate with the divine Word. All living creatures are waiting for man to give them their true names, not in this world only but in the light of the supernatural world to which our present world must be adapted, for they correspond to one another and coincide in eternity.

Such will be Claudel's enterprise, the compass of which he fully understands the moment when he discovers the overwhelming presence of the supernatural world. Long afterwards, having reached extreme old age, he will say that 'Christopher Columbus' discovery of America meant little compared with that discovery'. How will our new Columbus explore it and draw the map of correspondences between the two worlds he has to live in at one and the same time? Standing on the

unknown shore of his life, he is like the character named Cébès at the very beginning of Claudel's first play, 'Tête d'Or':

*Me voici,
Imbécile, ignorant,
Homme nouveau devant les choses inconnues,
Et je tourne la face vers l'Année et l'arche pluvieuse, j'ai plein le cœur d'ennui!
Je ne sais rien et je ne peux rien. Que dire? Que faire? A quoi emploierai-je ces mains qui pendent? ces pieds qui m'emmènent comme les songes?
Tout ce qu'on dit, et la raison des sages m'a instruit
Avec la sagesse du tambour; les livres sont vides.
Et il n'y a rien que moi qui regarde, et il me semble
Que tout, l'air brumeux, les labours frais,
Et les arbres, et les nuées aériennes,
Me parlent avec un langage plus vague que le ia! ia! de la mer, dis-je.
O être jeune, nouveau! qui es-tu? que fais-tu?
Qu'attends-tu, hôte de ces heures qui ne sont ni jour ni ombre,
Ni boeuf qui hume le sommeil, ni laboureur attardé à notre bord?
Et je réponds: je ne sais pas! et je désire en moi-même
Pleurer, ou crier,
Ou rire, ou bondir et agiter les bras!
'Qui je suis?' Des plaques de neige restent encore, et je vois la terre
des branches sans nombre
Produire ses bourgeons, et l'herbe des champs,
Et les fauves brebillettes du noisetier! et voici les doux mignonnets!
Ah! aussi que l'horrible été de l'erreur et l'effort qu'il faut s'acharner
sans voir
Sur le chemin du difficile avenir
Soient oubliés! O choses, ici,
Je m'offre à vous!
Voyez-moi, j'ai besoin
Et je ne sais de quoi, et je pourrais crier sans fin
Comme piaule le nid des crinches tout le jour quand le père et la mère
corbeaux sont morts!
O vent, je te bois! o temple des arbres! soirée pluvieuse!
Non, en ce jour, que cette demande ne me soit pas refusée, que je foule
avec l'espérance d'une bête!*

There are words in which a whole destiny is inscribed: such as those to Claudel. They start with a question: 'Here I am. Who am I? I can nothing and know nothing. Yet everything asks me my question: "Who art thou?"' Then follows a sort of offering, a prayer: the poet feels that winter has been succeeded by spring, universal life again begins. He offers himself to all living beings in answer to the gift of life. Will he receive from them the very thing he wants without knowing what it is, and he asks for with the blind hope of a beast?

The World Beyond and the World Within

Cébès' speech opens the whole perspective of Claudel's poetry and drama. We know what Cébès wants, and what the questioning world wants from him. They both want a name, and Cébès cannot name himself without naming the world. To comprehend oneself—to possess one's own unity—goes together without comprehending and unifying the world. 'Tête d'Or' (Sunhead) is the poet whose intelligence is the sun on earth. He is trying to seize the whole universe in his grasp and to solve the problem of cosmic knowledge: but he fails to hold of the world beyond which is also the world within. 'Tête d'Or' the ever-thirsty, king and slave of his permanent unsatisfaction, dies

he arms of the princess whose father he has dethroned, and who represents eternal Wisdom. The Sunhead who believed he was the master of the created world raises his arms on his deathbed to embrace the primordial cause, the setting sun of God which seems to disappear together with the dying man's spirit.

Does this allegory mean that the kingdom above has been promised to those people passionate and violent enough to conquer this world? For Claudel, the answer is yes, on one condition: that exhaustive knowledge and possession of this world shall only be the threshold of an inexhaustible knowledge, the mystery of which will grow deeper and deeper as we ourselves grow in it. Our stable and regular world is full of a hidden and lost splendour which it is the poet's duty to awake: a splendour which is not the mere copy or shadow of a lost Paradise, but the very image of the spiritual world within this one.

Claudel's attitude towards the world we live in is fundamentally optimistic. Our world is good when it lies in God's hands, and it is our business to commit creation to God's care. Our desire to possess the world, to read it as God's work for the love of us, is altogether good and holy. Translated in practical terms, it means that everyone is called to conquer the world, to make this world his own, and use all his energies for that task, for sanctification is not mutilation, but man's nature made complete. Claudel desired to be, and succeeded in being, one of the kings of this world: a great traveller, an ambassador, a member of the French Academy, a President of this and that: and he probably welcomed social prestige as a sign of his spiritual presence in the world. But his constant success was the tool which allowed him to achieve what he had endlessly worked for: physical and poetical comprehension of the universe. He was one of those people for whom the earth has no secret; he pitched his tent on the five continents; he learnt the speculative reason of the west and the meditative wisdom of the east; he tore down the frontiers between the language of poetry and those of science, trade, agriculture, or crafts. Very few among us would dare to say, as Claudel introducing himself to God and man: 'Here I am, and the world is mine'.

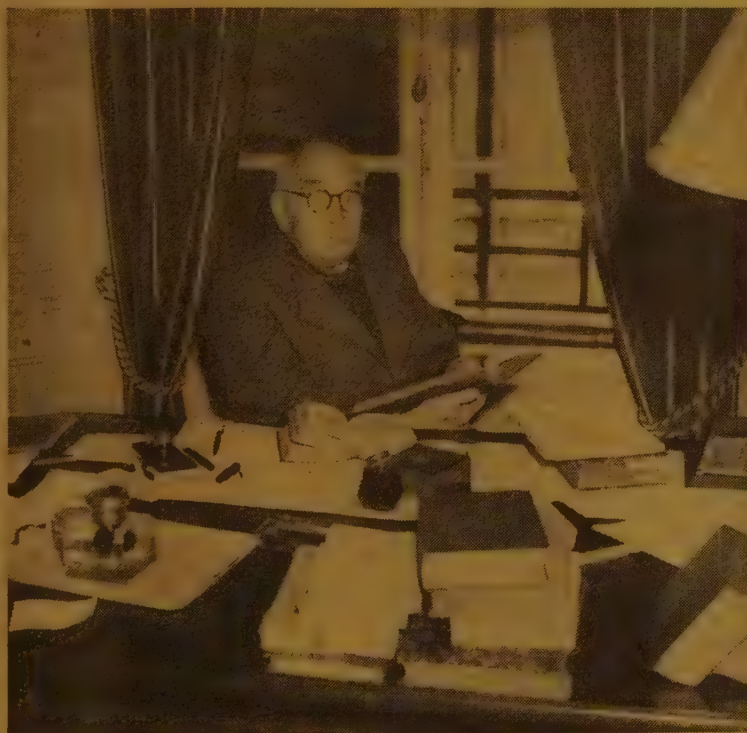
Claudel is the poet of planetary reality through space and time: his immense experience is coupled with the gift of making itself familiar, of coining the most concrete and daily terms to express the highest knowledge. Creation is no cipher which only a chosen few would be able to read: it is the innumerable figure of a creative intention which everyone may reflect according to his own nature. We all have in us 'the roots of these forces that put the world into action'. To quote Claudel's most important essay, the famous 'Art Poétique': 'The object of poetry is not, as it is commonly said, a mixture of dreams, illusions, and ideas. It is this holy reality given once and for all, and in which centre we have been put'. A holy, an everyday reality: our role is to witness it before God, to make it bear testimony of God's intention—in other words, to show forth its holiness and its pure essence.

When Claudel received the grace of faith at Notre-Dame, he was also given a Catholic cosmology to go with it. Of course the Claudelian system of thought took him twenty years before being fully organised: his treatise of poetical knowledge, his 'Art Poétique', was not the result of his personal progress only; it was influenced, if not entirely determined, by a five-year study of Thomas Aquinas' philosophy. Yet in the interval between 'Tête d'Or' and 'Art Poétique', Claudel's main philosophical ideas were put into creative form long before they took shape into a didactic system. The sensibility of the poet was, naturally, essentially Catholic. Characteristic, therefore, in that sense is a casual remark he made a few months before he died: 'Why

search for God when it is so simple to let oneself fall into Him?'

Through a progressive unfolding of Catholic objective symbolism, his intuition led him to a Catholic theory of aesthetics. Claudel's 'Art Poétique' is the philosophical peak of the poet's work. From its heights Claudel returned to the landscape below, which his vast and complex thought had embraced. After having grasped the natural significance of creation, he still had to conquer its supernatural significance, the relationship between God and man. His greatest plays form a sort of Catholic anthropology circumscribing his cosmology: they prepare the next integration, the theological and exegetical effort to which Claudel devoted the last ten years of his life. Thus the poet's existence, built up like a pyramid, is the architectural figure of the rigorous spiritual ascension which, according to Claudel, answers Christ's promise when He died: 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me'.

Christ said this immediately before the Passion, and the symbolism of the Cross is vital for Christianity, and Claudel does not elude it.



Paul Claudel at eighty: a photograph taken in his study in Paris

But the Passion of Christ, and to a lesser degree the sufferings of the saints and the elect, are to him like a dazzling cloud of blood veiling the glory to come: Claudel seems to stand not before the veil, but behind. The very description of the torments and sacrifice leading to the eternal world is intended to convey a feeling of rapture more than one of compassion: the Cross, as he sings it, rises in all its majesty above the world, like a throne. We sometimes wonder whether Claudel's world did not enter eternal glory a little too fast and follow too closely the footsteps of the Redeemer.

When reading the history of any people in the world, Christian imagination is appalled at the thought of the almost infinite sufferings, of the universal flood of sufferings which thousands of millions had to endure throughout the centuries in order to complete what is wanting in the Passion of Christ, according to Saint Paul's dreadfully mysterious words'. Thus spoke another great Catholic writer, Léon Bloy, whose symbolism dealt with the unfathomable problem of everlasting pain in a world yet redeemed by Christ: Claudel does not ignore that problem, but he treats it as if it were solved. Nothing happens in his work in a historical sense: when he privileges moments in time, Claudel does not regard them as historical any more, but as eternal. On the contrary, for Léon Bloy, each moment in time is both historical and eternal: everything which happens is equally necessary, and yet the apparent uselessness of universal suffering casts an absurd shadow upon the world.

Léon Bloy is thus one of us, a wanderer and sufferer: Claudel is not. His work, a masterpiece of integration, stands like a lonely monument in our scattered age. We admire it, and perhaps even more the formidable concentration of energy which erected it like a cathedral of old: but we cannot, and do not want to, proportionate ourselves to it. It does not bear the traces of our anxiety: it lasts far from us while we are surviving and camping in our ruins. Eternal, yet remote like the ages, it has no room for the absurd agony of our faithless world. Our absurdity and lack of faith are foreign to Claudel's mind: he would only have thrown them away in disgust, as the visible signs of doom. He was too old, and had always been too certain of his own truth, to understand that they are the present conditions of human salvation itself, and that our way to God, if any, would have them as components through the ordeal we have to face.—*Third Programme*

The Michelin Guide 1955 edition, for France, is now available (Seymour Press, 21s.). The 1955 edition of *Historic Houses and Castles* (Index Publishers, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, price 2s. 6d.) contains details of over 300 properties open to the public. The booklet is illustrated and contains a map.

The Police—III

Crimes Known to the Police

By F. J. ODGERS

EVERYONE knows that the police have many duties other than the clearing up of crime. Traffic control, public meetings and processions, lost property and missing persons, accidents and aliens and so many other non-criminal matters fall within their province that it is not improper to ask bluntly: 'How many crimes do the police deal with in a year?' But the question is ambiguous and the answer has to be cautious. 'Crime', to the police, consists only of indictable offences, the graver offences which either must be tried by jury or at least cannot be tried summarily by the magistrates without the offender's consent. 'Crime', for police purposes, does not include the great welter of non-indictable offences ordinarily within the exclusive jurisdiction of the magistrates—the minor offences which cover such a remarkable range of human misbehaviour, from betting, poaching, begging, sleeping out, and smoking under age, through motoring offences, cycling offences and revenue offences, to drunkenness, indecent exposure, prostitution, disorderly behaviour, and assault.

Traffic Offences

There is no official record of the number of complaints made each year of these non-indictable offences, but the number of persons proceeded against for such offences is published, and this for 1953, the last year for which complete statistics are available, was in round figures 625,000, of whom 94 per cent. were found guilty. This means that there were proceedings for minor offences against one in every seventy of the entire population of England and Wales, or one in about sixty-two of those who could be charged, for children under eight years of age have complete immunity. And it is interesting, perhaps, to realise that ten persons were proceeded against for these minor offences for every policeman on the present strength of the force. But more than half this total of 625,000 minor offenders were proceeded against for offences arising out of the use of motor vehicles and motor cycles, and if we throw in also tramcars, trolley buses, horse-drawn vehicles, pedal cycles, hand carts and barrows, the proportion of traffic offences rises to over 60 per cent. About one in five of all these minor offenders were arrested and the rest were dealt with on summons. With these, the extent to which the police were actively concerned naturally varied with the nature of the offences and, although some of them are of a gravity almost sufficient to obscure the distinction between indictable and non-indictable offences, the majority of them are minor, and our question related to 'crimes' meaning, in this context, indictable offences. So we may turn from the 625,000 minor offenders who are generally the customers of the uniformed branch of the police to those who commit indictable offences and are the main concern of the Criminal Investigation Departments—the C.I.D.

For indictable offences the total number recorded as known to the police is available each year and the figure for 1953 was 472,989 or, shall we say, 473,000. This is the total of all the indictable offences recorded by the police as having come to their knowledge, in the 120-odd police areas of the country, during the year. It is the figure of such offences as larceny, receiving, breaking and entering, frauds and false pretences, sexual offences, offences of violence against the person, reported to the police by the victims, or by other interested persons or bodies or societies, or discovered by the direct activity of the police, and after an initial inquiry by the police accepted and classified as crimes. It is not intended as a figure of all the crimes committed in the country in the year, although each year there is obstinate confusion on the point in some quarters. It is not possible to produce from published figures even a reasonable estimate of the number of crimes actually committed in any year. It is true that some crimes are of such a nature that the number recorded will be all or nearly all the total number committed. This is obviously so with murders of police officers, robberies from mail vans, breaking into banks or out of prison—offences which can hardly be committed without being reported; but with other crimes such as abortion, blackmail, minor larcenies, incest, and some other sexual offences, the relationship of the number recorded to the number in fact committed is a matter of

speculation, the only certain point being that the unrecorded instances—the dark figures—of these offences far exceed those that are recorded. But the number of crimes recorded as known to the police does reflect the activity of the police and the co-operation of the public in bringing crimes to their notice and, as we have seen, the recorded total in 1953 was 473,000. This is a lower figure than in 1952, 1951, and 1948, each of which years it was over the half-million mark, and lower than in 1947 and 1945. But it is higher than in 1950, 1949, 1946, and every year before 1945.

Increase in Crimes Against the Person

What are all these crimes? Are the police occupied with one class of offence rather than another? Accepting that since 1938 there has been a considerable increase in the total number of crimes recorded, has there been a substantial switch from one type of crime to another? The answer is that larcenies, receiving, frauds, and false pretences accounted in 1953 for 73 per cent., and breaking and entering premises for 19 per cent.—making a total for these property offences of 92 per cent. of all recorded crime. The remaining 8 per cent. included offences of violence against the person—1½ per cent. of the total—and sexual offences—3½ per cent. of the total. In 1938 the property crimes accounted for 95 per cent. and the offences of violence to the person and sexual offences together for only 2 per cent. There has indeed been a startling increase in the number of offences against the person recorded as known to the police but the increase is on small figures and, despite the publicity these offences have recently received and despite the difficult social and moral problems they provide, these crimes—violence against the person and sexual—are not the crimes with which the police and, for that matter, the magistrates, judges and juries have been most occupied. In 1953, as in 1938, they were engaged in dealing in 90 to 95 per cent. of all cases with larcenies, receiving, frauds, false pretences, and breaking and entering.

So much, then, for the number and nature of the crimes recorded by the police. The next question inevitably is: 'How many crimes do they clear up?' The short answer is 47 per cent.—rather less than half of those recorded in 1953, 1952, and 1951, as against 50 per cent. in 1938. At first hearing this may sound alarmingly low. But I hope to show that it is not; and so the short answer obviously requires amplification. When is a crime 'cleared up'? It is cleared up only when it has been attributed to an identified person and certain things have happened to that person. This means, normally, that the identified person, the offender, has been arrested or summoned for the offence. A crime is, however, deemed to be cleared up in other circumstances—for instance, where, on his trial for another offence, the offender admits the one in question and asks the court to take it into consideration in passing sentence; or where, before proceedings are started, the offender dies or is moved into a mental institution; or where he is already in prison and admits the crime but it is decided that no useful purpose would be served by a charge; or where the offender is a child under eight who cannot be charged; or where proceedings are impossible because, although the offender's guilt is regarded as clear, the prosecutor is dead or refuses to prosecute.

Defining 'Undetected'

All crimes that are not cleared up are regarded as 'undetected', and a crime must remain undetected, even though the police have no doubt in their own minds that it was committed by an identified and available person, if there is insufficient evidence to justify proceedings being taken. There is really a marked difference between those offences that are undetected because the police have failed to attribute them to identified offenders even to their own satisfaction, cases in which they are still looking for an offender, and those in which they are no longer looking for a person—they are confident they know who did it—but still lack such witnesses or circumstantial evidence or admission as would justify their putting him on trial. But for the purpose of

published figures both types of undetected crime are grouped together to give a current proportion of 53 per cent. not cleared up.

How is this figure of 53 per cent. made up? In what type of offence is the percentage cleared up particularly low or high? Do the proportions shown for the different classes of offence fairly reflect the difficulties of detection in those classes? Just as some offences when committed are necessarily known, so some offences if known are necessarily cleared up. Into this class fall attempted suicides and infanticides, where the proportion cleared up is 100 per cent. And the rate is high, 84 per cent., in all offences against the person. Woundings, for instance, show a cleared up proportion of 91 per cent., and sexual offences of 81 per cent. Among the property crimes, embezzlement and receiving, for reasons we shall consider in a moment, show 98 to 100 per cent. cleared up, but other property crimes have proportions so low that the overall figure falls understandably to 47 per cent.: burglary 44 per cent., shopbreaking 39 per cent., simple larcenies 38 per cent., housebreaking 35 per cent., entering with felonious intent 33 per cent., larceny in house 30 per cent., larceny from the person 26 per cent., larceny of pedal cycles 23 per cent., larceny from unattended vehicles 21 per cent.

Reasons for Variations in Figures

The reasons for these variations are obvious. The offence of receiving cannot be known or recorded unless the receiver has been identified; the offence of embezzlement cannot be recorded unless it is accepted that a particular clerk or servant has committed it. So the recording of these crimes as having been committed means in practice that the offenders have been detected and the crimes are therefore automatically cleared up. But other property offences need not involve, and rarely do involve, any identified person. Premises, for instance, have been broken into and property has been stolen. According to the nature of the premises and the time of day or night at which the offence was committed, there has been a burglary or a housebreaking or a shop-breaking and a crime is recorded as known to the police. No offender or suspected person was seen, and unless there are fingerprints or similar clues—and usually there are not—the police must set to work on the bare information supplied by the *modus operandi*—the way in which the job was done—and the description of the property taken if it is identifiable and not, for instance, used one pound notes or packets of cigarettes. The police may have strong suspicions of some individual known to them through previous similar activities, but without satisfactory evidence against him or admission by him the crime will remain undetected. Similarly with larceny, particularly from the person—picking pockets—and with stealing from parked cars. Here there is nothing to work from except the nature of the thing stolen, the place where the theft occurred, and the police officer's own knowledge of a number of individuals into whose activities at the time he may well enquire. The figures are certainly not improved by the citizen who vigorously and convincingly reports the theft of, for instance, his wallet but keeps extremely quiet about his subsequent discovery of it in the pocket of a forgotten suit.

In offences against the person, on the other hand, there is generally an offender who can be identified or at any rate described by the victim, and the problem of detection in such cases is not so difficult as in the property crimes, a fact which is reflected in the high percentage of offences against the person that are cleared up. When such an offence is not cleared up the reason may well be that the offender was not known to the victim and the description given by the victim was vague or even misleading. It is not at all easy to give a really helpful description of a person. I am still shocked by my own inadequate efforts to describe a 'walk-in sneak thief' I disturbed last year. Incidentally the proportion of recorded murders cleared up is high. The number of murders of persons aged one year and over—I am leaving out babies under a year—known to the police since 1946 is 1,044 or an average of 131 a year. The number cleared up is 976 or 122 a year, giving a proportion cleared up of 93 per cent.

Robbery falls between the two main classes of crime; it is a property crime committed against a person, and 52 per cent. of recorded robberies are cleared up. However, the property crimes comprise 92 per cent. of all the crimes recorded and it is inevitable that however high the proportion of offences against the person cleared up may be, the effect on the overall figure must be almost unnoticeable. So, bearing in mind the number and nature of the crimes recorded each year, the technical meaning of 'cleared up', and in any case the fact that police strength is below establishment,

an overall proportion of nearly 1 in every 2 is no mean achievement.

The labelling, recording, and reporting of crimes—the making of returns which form the basis of the annual Criminal Statistics—is an exacting and extremely complicated part of police duty. Some years ago, it is true, the rules as to recording crimes were nothing like as stringent or as clear as they are today, and as the instructions to the police permitted of varying interpretations there was undoubtedly in some areas a not unnatural tendency to 'window-dressing'. If a crime, particularly larceny, was cleared up it was recorded as known and cleared up: if it was not cleared up it sometimes failed to appear as known, being left in obscurity as an occurrence or as a mere matter of suspicion, to the great advantage of the percentage of crimes cleared up. But those days are over. In 1932 the 'suspected stolen book' was abolished and a mighty increase in crimes shown as known resulted in the metropolis with no corresponding increase in crimes committed. The Departmental Committee on Detective Work and Procedure, in 1938, made recommendations for a more uniform and systematic record system, admitting that this might well lead, as in fact it did, to an increase in the number of crimes recorded in some forces and possibly a substantial increase in the figures for the country as a whole. So comparisons based on low figures of crimes known and high proportions of crimes cleared up gathered from pre-1938 statistics should always be regarded with suspicion.

Changes continue to be made with a view to greater uniformity and accuracy, and today, although there are still some inconsistencies in labelling, recording, and reporting, and although there is still room for improvement in the system, the police job of showing how many crimes they have dealt with, and how they have dealt with them, is, I think, well done. The officers who do it deserve not only sympathy but praise, for they work in the certain knowledge that the final figures published each year will be widely quoted and used to support all sorts of conclusions and proposals, sound and unsound. Far more mistakes are made in interpreting the figures of crimes known to the police and crimes cleared up than are made in producing them.

The picture we get today is, on the whole, a faithful one and we can answer our basic questions with reasonable confidence by repeating that the police are concerned each year with something in the neighbourhood of half a million crimes, apart from the minor non-indictable offences; that most of the crimes are property crimes; that about half of the total number are cleared up, and that, all things considered, this is a considerable achievement.—*Third Programme*

Joseph in the Pit

Moist and warm as fresh goatskin
is the pasture's wound I am caught in.
With the infinite I wear
living roots in my hair.
I am mocked. Long and low
is the shadow I throw.

I cannot flee the predatory schemer:
not song nor sacrifice protect the dreamer.
The advent eagle has entangled me.
God forgives no man his destiny.
My children, my people, I cannot live you,
in me you begin and none will forgive you.

Prehensile, insecure as flesh
is the grassland's radical mesh.
When time has pared the rind
this is the fruit it will find:
generations of grass, which must
by my touch turn to dust.

I the expendable shall become master:
God will bear witness to me by disaster.
After I die my anger shall draw
blood as a fang in the hills of God's jaw.
My children, my people, I cannot live you,
in me you begin and none shall forgive you.

KAREN LOEWENTHAL

NEWS DIARY

April 20-26

Wednesday, April 20

The debate on the Budget is continued in the House of Commons

All the trade unions concerned accept the terms of settlement of the dispute in the newspaper industry and instruct their members to return to work

The Chairman of the U.S. Chiefs of Staff and the State Department's leading expert on Far Eastern affairs leave Washington for Formosa

Thursday, April 21

Prime Minister of Ceylon attacks communist policy in speech at Bandung Conference

Sir Anthony Eden is elected leader of the Conservative Party in succession to Sir Winston Churchill

Minister of Labour discusses threatened railway strike with Executive Committee of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen

National newspapers resume publication

Friday, April 22

The three Western Powers accept the Russian proposal for a conference on an Austrian treaty

Executive Committee of the A.S.L.E.F. decide to go forward with its strike on May 1

Saturday, April 23

The Chinese Prime Minister makes a statement at Bandung affirming his readiness for friendly talks with the United States to relax tension in the Far East. U.S. State Department says that the American Government will insist on Nationalist China taking part in any discussions on Formosa

Chelsea wins the Football League Championship for the first time in its history

Sunday, April 24

The Chinese Prime Minister makes a further statement about his willingness to negotiate with the United States in a speech at the final session of the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung

More than 600 Austrians imprisoned in the Soviet Union are released

Monday, April 25

National Union of Railwaymen decides to continue work if A.S.L.E.F. goes on strike

Foreign Secretary makes statement about preparations for four-power talks

Lady Megan Lloyd-George joins Labour Party

Tuesday, April 26

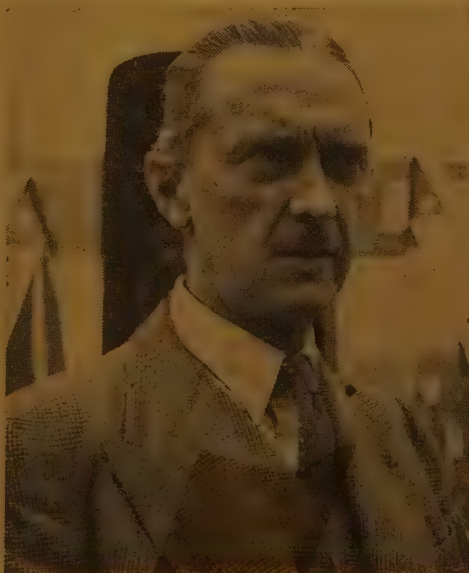
T.U.C. leaders and representatives of A.S.L.E.F. meet in London

Soviet Government agrees to preliminary conference of ambassadors in Vienna to discuss Austrian treaty

Sir Winston Churchill returns from holiday in Sicily



Mr. Chou En-lai, Prime Minister of the Chinese People's Republic, addressing the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung, Indonesia, on April 19. The conference ended last Sunday



General Sir Gerald Templer, whose appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff in succession to Field-Marshal Sir John Harding was announced last week. General Templer was formerly High Commissioner and Director of Operations, Malaya. He takes up his new appointment in November



Right: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arriving at Biggin Hill R.A.F. Station, Kent, from Windsor on April 23. It was Her Majesty's first flight by helicopter. She later inspected No. 600 (City of London) Squadron and the City of London Light Anti-Aircraft Squadron of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force



Soldiers clearing rubble from a street in the Greek port of Volos which was severely damaged in two earthquakes in the Thessaly district last week. Help for the homeless has been offered by both the British and American Fleets



Last Sunday, at Windsor Castle, the Queen took the salute at a march-past of nearly 1,000 Queen's Scouts. In this photograph Her Majesty, accompanied by Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout, is seen talking to a scout from the Commonwealth



King Hussein of Jordan and his bride, Princess Dina Abdel Moud, after their marriage in Amman on April 19. In accordance with Moslem custom, the bride was not present when the marriage contract was signed



Delegations from many countries attended the annual celebrations at Stratford upon Avon to mark the birthday of Shakespeare on April 23. This photograph shows the procession to the church

Foundations of Western Values—II

The Value of the Individual

By GORONWY REES

WHEN we speak of western values, which are the subject of this series of talks, we mean an attitude to life, what the Germans call a *Weltanschauung*, which is made up from an infinitely complicated web of beliefs, habits, laws, customs, and traditions. And it is the assumption underlying these talks that all of us share this attitude to life, however much we may differ in our individual beliefs and circumstances. One of the difficulties of talking on such a subject is that one cannot isolate one element in the complicated web of our civilisation without in some way falsifying and distorting it. Each element in the pattern is what it is because of the pattern; removed from its context it becomes something entirely different.

Indeed, this is precisely what has happened in the great ideological conflict of our time, which may roughly be described as a conflict of east and west. There are specific values, like the love of truth or the belief in freedom, which have been, as it were, transplanted from their native soil and in an entirely new environment have assumed forms which are unrecognisable to us. It is as if some modest English flower had been planted in the jungle and suddenly put out sinister and monstrous blooms. That is why when east and west talk to each other today, though they often use precisely the same words and the same terms, they mean something entirely and completely different.

One Element in the Pattern

So that when one discusses one specific element in our culture, as I am doing here, there are two dangers to which one is exposed. The first is, as I have said, that by taking it out of its context one may unconsciously exaggerate or distort it. The second is that in speaking of this one element in the pattern, which gives it its specific form and content in our society, one is really taking it for granted that everyone knows what the pattern is; and this is a very dangerous assumption, because it may be entirely false; and therefore what one is saying may be meaningless to one's audience. If, for instance, I say that I believe every human being is of unique and irreplaceable value, anyone might reasonably answer: 'Very well, that is a fact about yourself, but it is of no interest to me and indeed I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about'. And if I were to reply that, as a matter of fact, he believed the same thing himself, only he did not know it, he would have every right to tell me to mind my own business and leave him to think his own thoughts, which very likely were a good deal more clear and precise than mine.

But before we reach such a deadlock here, let me at least try to say something of what I mean when I speak of the unique value of human beings. First of all, I mean simply that a human being is unique in the sense that he is different from every other of his kind. He is like a baby in the eyes of his mother; there is only one single one of him in the whole world; there never was another and there never will be. Perhaps this would not be very important if human beings were simply members of a species which in itself was of no particular interest or significance; the individual differences between sheep cannot be expected to excite us much. But since I also believe that human beings, whether with or without divine aid, have created everything in our world which deserves our admiration or our love, then it follows that every individual member of the species is of the greatest possible concern to us. Each single human being represents a potentiality of our human nature which as yet has been unrealised; as such he is, or should be, an object of intense curiosity and interest, and, beyond this, of the most delicate and scrupulous regard; for, at the very least, he is, after all, what we might have been if we had happened to be someone else.

It is easy to say such things as this, and I am well aware that in saying them I have come near to uttering one of those noble and empty generalisations which are preached to us every day from every pulpit, by every newspaper, and from every political platform. What gives solidity and content to the kind of belief I am trying to describe is that in our own experience, and especially in our history, which is a part of our experience, we find examples which seem to demonstrate its truth. In particular, in certain places and at certain times in

history, we seem to find evidence that not merely particular individuals but whole nations and races achieve an astonishing flowering of personality. Why this should be so we do not know, and historians are unable to tell us; but the fact seems to be inescapable.

We find such a time and such a place, for instance, in Elizabethan England. No doubt the admiration and pride which the Elizabethan Age inspires in us are due partly to the sense that this was the age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth, two of the most extraordinary personalities the world has ever seen. But more, perhaps, we feel that even Shakespeare, and even Elizabeth, however extraordinary, were representative of a whole race of men and women who, at that time, achieved a more complete realisation of human personality than ever before or since in our history; unless, perhaps, we have to except the age of Victoria.

Just as history, at certain periods, seems to confirm our belief in the infinite potentiality and diversity of human beings, so also we judge those human beings in terms of this belief. We do not judge them in terms of success or failure, or even in terms of good and evil; they seem to have a value in themselves that lays hold of our imagination. Just as we admire Hamlet more than Fortinbras, so we admire Napoleon more than Wellington, Byron in exile more than Wordsworth as poet laureate, Christ more than Caesar. In this lies one of the dangers and seductions of the belief in the value of personality as such; for it can easily degenerate into the worship of mere force, into the idea of the superman which has already once brought one great European nation to ruin. So we have to remember that, however strongly we assert the value of human personality, it is not the only value by which we live, or ought to live. It has to be reconciled with other values, with moral values, with a sense of justice, with a love of truth; and because of the difficulty of this reconciliation it may be that this sense of the value of human beings, which is so profoundly European and so profoundly Christian, gives rise, as some have said, to a tragic view of life.

If you walk through the picture galleries of Europe, which in themselves are one of the great historical monuments to what human beings can achieve, and if you look at the portraits of the men and women of certain centuries, you will see the faces of people who in some way seem to have satisfied every need of their own nature; faces that are proud and passionate and self-assured, in which every feature seems to be moulded by the personality within; and especially if you look at the eyes, they are the eyes of men and women who, beneath all their pride and all their passion, seem to be at peace simply because they are themselves.

The Man Within

You may well ask what such faces have to do with us today, and more especially when modern portraits are often, for all their brilliance and beauty, not expressions of personality but abstract constructions of planes and figures and surfaces. The man within seems to have vanished. Is it because he really has vanished or because the artist, for reasons of his own, no longer sees him? It may be that he really has vanished; that we have entered an age when human personality is, as it were, overshadowed by other forces; that the typical figures of our day, a clerk in an insurance office, a business man directing the activities of a thousand anonymous employees, a highly paid technician whose task in life is to serve an enormously complicated and expensive machine, would have every right to laugh in one's face if one spoke to them of their unique value and infinite potentialities as human beings. Ruskin once said: 'As I go to my work in the British Museum I see the faces of the people become daily more corrupt'; and if you stand in a London underground station during the rush hour you are surprised, at the number not of the living but of the dead.

I need not enumerate or explain the reasons why this should be so. They are as well known to you as to me; and they are sufficiently compelling to make one wonder whether, in fact, the purpose of human beings living together in society, the tasks of government, the objects of administration, cannot now be reduced to a simple problem in what I believe is called in the Soviet Union human engineering, in which

the human being is no longer an individual but a unit in a mass whose movements are as precisely calculable as those of any other physical body. I must confess that I do not know the answer to this, perhaps fortunately, because it is a necessary part of the belief in the uniqueness of human beings that the future should not be predictable.

But perhaps I may venture to make two suggestions which, if they do not provide an answer, will at least indicate what the choices before us are. The first is that this idea of the human being as a unique, and uniquely valuable, individual is so deeply rooted in our history that it has given shape and form to all our institutions and even more to all our conventions and habits of living. That history, which we call in evidence as testimony to our belief in the value of human beings, is not dead history but a part of the living present; it is the history we have made for ourselves and which we continue to make for ourselves each time we think about it. Therefore we cannot dispossess ourselves of it even though we try, except by doing some profound violence to our deepest and most instinctive feelings. And a part of the evidence that this history is still living is the actual institutions that we have inherited, which respect for the individual has done so much to shape and to form. One could point, for instance, to the democratic system of government which in the end depends upon the conviction that, each of us being unique, no one else can be trusted to manage our affairs for us. It was this conviction, rather than its political implications, that made the politician's remark that the gentleman in Whitehall knows best so profoundly shocking. One could point, again, to our legal system and show that respect for the individual, rather than the preservation and protec-

tion of society, is the foundation of our laws. Or we could point to our literature, and show that at its greatest it is always the direct and impassioned assertion of human personality; Mrs. Gamp, like Hamlet, asserts the potentialities of the human nature we share with them.

All these are, in the end, the creation of our sense of the value of human personality; but even more the same feeling is at work in our ordinary conventions and habits in life, which perhaps for most of us are more important than laws or governments or literature. It is at work, for instance, in ordinary courtesy and politeness, and indeed it is worth remembering that the establishment of a code of manners in Europe corresponded precisely with that astonishing outburst of human personality which we call the Renaissance; it is at work in that idea of fairness in our dealings with one another which to other nations, if not to ourselves, has seemed such a peculiar feature of life in these islands.

The truth is, therefore, as I believe, that the sense of the value of human beings as such, whether good or evil, is so deeply embedded in all our institutions and even in our manners that we could not dispense with it without producing a complete and total reversal of all our habits of life and thought. Such a change could not come about merely as an effect of revolution; it would be the revolution itself. Indeed, there are millions in the world today who believe that precisely such a revolution is both necessary and inevitable, and this may or may not be so; but what is certain is that, if such a change does come to pass, then human life as we have known it in the west, either in the present or in the past, would have become only a dream to be forgotten until one day the human spirit reasserts itself once again.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Pakistan: A Land of Contrasts

Sir,—In the course of his talk, 'Pakistan: A Land of Contrasts' (THE LISTENER, April 14) Mr. Wilfred Newnham ascribed to Pakistani enterprise two achievements which in fact go far back to the days of British 'raj' in India. He stated that in East Pakistan, where educational facilities had been poor, they now had a university at Dacca; and he implied that the Sukkur Barrage in West Pakistan was also a Pakistani achievement.

Mr. Newnham has been misled if he believes that these were Pakistani enterprises. Dacca University, established to give pride of place to Islamic studies and the educational requirements of Moslems, was opened on July 1, 1921, long before Pakistan was dreamed of; while the Sukkur Barrage, which has been described as the greatest irrigation scheme in the world and as one of the finest contributions by Great Britain to the welfare of India, was opened by Lord Willingdon, as Viceroy, on January 13, 1932.

There has been a tendency to minimise or forget much that Great Britain has done for the Indian sub-continent, and it is a pity that Mr. Newnham, in rightly applauding what Pakistan has done for herself since the partition, has lent himself, however unwittingly, to such a trend.

Yours, etc.,

Teignmouth M. B. CLEMENS

Automatic Control

Sir,—In his letter, arising from a remark in my third talk on automatic control (THE LISTENER, April 7) Mr. Coleman is certainly justified in drawing attention to a prevalent tendency to describe as an industrial revolution any and every social change which is brought about by mechanical aids. Certainly in the sentence of mine he quoted, in my anxiety to provide a striking peroration, several phrases I used were inadequately qualified.

I do suggest, however, that a modification to

my words which might meet his objections, and at the same time provide useful food for thought, is replacing the words 'first industrial revolution' by 'first type of industrial revolution', and similarly for the second type. One might also alter the word 'industrial' to 'economic'. An alternative scheme would be to introduce the term 'technological revolution'. Very broadly, we might then trace, in this country, a scientific revolution in the eighteenth century, paving the way for an industrial revolution in the nineteenth and followed by a technological revolution in the present century.

The industrial revolution did, of course, much more than replace man's muscles (or water power) by steam and electrical power, for it is estimated that every person in this country now has at his disposal power equivalent to that not of one man but of twelve men, and the corresponding figure in the United States is, I believe, twenty.

But, whatever words we may agree to use, there can be little doubt that, while in the first type of industrial revolution many men become slaves to the machines they have to mind, this process is at the present time being reversed, as progressively more and more operations which call for little mental ability are being taken over by automatic devices.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge R. H. MACMILLAN

The Coming Arms Race in Germany

Sir,—To regard Varrus' defeat by Hermann in A.D. 9 as the starting point of German allergy to the principle of law and civilised behaviour is to show extreme historical hindsight. This allergy has existed, but it has other, much later roots—for example, the conflicts between the emperors and popes and centuries of division and foreign influence. Hermann was no more than a successful tribal chief and the battle of the Teutoburger Wald was the normal defeat of a civilised army in difficult country. Hermann

and other Germans of his day were indeed getting 'basic training'—in the Roman army. It was strangely enough a Roman historian, Tacitus, who first extolled the Germanic tribes and Hermann the Cheruscan as examples of the 'noble savage' compared with the decadent Romans of A.D. 100.

The adulation of Hermann was part of the patriotic enthusiasm during the Wars of Liberation. For the Germans who fought at Leipzig and Waterloo, Hermann represented freedom from French domination and Varrus symbolised not Rome or western Christian civilisation but Napoleon and French Imperialism.

The connotation of Attila with Hitler is very apt, as the 'oriental practices' of Attila were certainly carried out by the nazis and are still being carried out by their successors in eastern Europe. The term 'Huns' applied to the Germans stems from the unfortunate remark made by Kaiser Wilhelm to the German contingent of the international force despatched from Europe to deal with the Boxer riots. In historical fact the Germans suffered most from the inroads of the Huns and for centuries did most to check them, Otto I finally putting an end to their depredations at the Lechfeld in 955. When this sort of danger threatened Christendom, the Roman Church and the German emperor co-operated.

It was not the Pax Romana alone that was the basis of western values, but the Civitas Dei of the Christian Church, which tamed the barbarous instincts of early Europe. Scandinavia, which was outside Roman influence and produced the most notorious hordes of pillagers in history, contains today three model western democracies. Mussolini's Italy, which claimed to be the heir to the Roman Imperium, on the other hand, distinguished itself by using poison gas against the Abyssinians. The nazis and similar totalitarian tyrannies are products of the twentieth century, and both Hitler and Mussolini sought support for their policies by references

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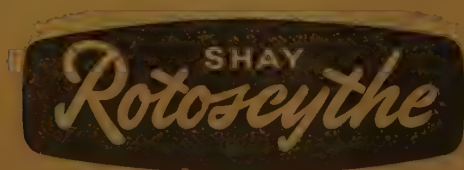
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to the past. As the original broadcast (THE LISTENER, March 31) correctly indicated, this is the object of the east German puppet regime in reintroducing Hermann as a national symbol.

Yours, etc.,

Tunbridge Wells G. T. GILLESPIE

Sir,—Mr. Prittie (in his talk printed in THE LISTENER of March 31) should know that Hermann, or Arminius, is one of our national heroes, more so, for example, than the obscure tribal chieftain Caractacus. We are entitled to claim a closer degree of relationship with Hermann than can be claimed by any German of modern Germany. Had Hermann been unsuccessful, this island would never have borne the name of England. The victory of Hermann over the Roman general Varus was one of the decisive battles of the world. Tacitus described Hermann as 'Liberator haud dubie Germaniae'.

Divine honours were paid for centuries to Arminius by every tribe of the Low Germanic division of the Teutonic races. After the settlement of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in this country, one of the four great highways was called 'Irmin-street' after Arminius, which is the Latinised form of Hermann.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.5 G. V. MORTIMER

The British Universities

Sir,—Mr. Morris' defence of the American Ph.D. is a gallant if unconvincing attempt to rehabilitate what many Americans themselves condemn. I returned last summer from spending an academic year at an eastern university and during this time I was able to visit several others. The general impression which I received was that for most of those who embark on it the Ph.D. course in the U.S.A. is a dreary grind to secure the union card of the college teacher.

With the democratisation of the degree, the part played by original research has diminished: appendices on someone else's footnotes often appears to be the recipe. Meanwhile the chief function of the professor, in this connection, has become the selection for his hungry graduate sheep of suitable subjects from a dwindling supply. Hence, to use Mr. Morris' own familiar term, the growing symptoms of alarm that every 'field' is narrowing. A glance through the appropriate numbers of American learned journals will reveal the kind of academic trivia or futile pedantry which passes for research in the Humanities. (Equally striking examples, it is only fair to add, can be found in their English counterparts.)

A well-known American educator, Professor Jacques Barzun, has exposed the whole racket in his book *Teacher in America*. In a chapter significantly entitled 'The Ph.D. Octopus', he writes:

The doctorate of course shows nothing about teaching ability. After seeing degree holders and reading their theses, it is hard to say what the title shows. . . .

Misplaced industry would probably be the best answer. As Barzun points out, the ritual mania with which it is associated in the United States largely came about through a misconceived attempt to emulate the procedures of continental universities, particularly those of nineteenth-century Germany. Today, when intellectual tyros from obscure educational foundations in the mid-west can claim the same title as distinguished scholars from more reputable institutions, the time has come to drop the whole silly joke. Billy Graham may yet be mistaken for a family doctor. Widespread imitation of the Harvard Society of Fellows, which has set its face against this absurd trend, would seem to be a step in the right direction. American universities have much to teach their counterparts in England and

elsewhere. To make a cult of the Ph.D. is not part of it.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

PETER MEADE

The New Reader

Sir,—Nobody, not even Mr. Michael Joseph, knows the total sales, year by year, of different kinds of books. I gave (THE LISTENER, April 7) the available facts and figures relevant to fiction and the three categories of non-fiction cited by Mr. Pound. Mr. Joseph (THE LISTENER, April 21) asserts that I am 'misled by statistics'. If my deductions are false, they must also be false applied to other parts of *The Bookseller* records for 1954, and I am entitled to ask if Mr. Joseph would assert that the comparative output of titles classified as Children's Books and as Essays-and-Belles Lettres (1966 against 109) is 'no guide to sales'? He does not, and I am sure cannot, deny my contention that

(a) whatever slight fall there may be in sales of cloth-bound novels is unevenly distributed and many novels achieve large sales,

(b) the annual output of Fiction exceeds that of Travel, Adventure, Biography, and Memoirs combined by 6 to 1,

(c) in paper-back reprint editions, novels are selling like hot cakes.

If, as Mr. Joseph says, 'the large majority [of novels] show little or no profit' in the original edition, the remedy lies partly with the publishers. Competent authors would be delighted to see them issuing fewer and better books of all kinds.

Your leading article (THE LISTENER, April 21) says: 'If good British novelists, writing first-class contemporary fiction, are about the place, one would like to learn more of them'. You cannot hear more of them, Sir, because you and other editors abide by the obsolete convention of having novels reviewed, four to six at a time, in a smaller space than is often provided for one book of non-fiction. Mr. Joseph 'suspects' that this disproportion is due to 'a present-day preference', but he must know perfectly well that the convention is at least thirty years old. For all that time the literary press has pushed fiction into an obscure corner, giving it, I estimate, less than 10 per cent. of the total space available for reviews. Sir, you could make literary history by defying this convention for an experimental period and inviting other editors to observe how the experiment works.

Much as I deplore disputes, I cannot help noting that the periodic attacks on the novel always seem to emanate from those who write non-fiction and have, to that extent, a vested interest: Mr. Pound (topical comments and biography); Mr. Joseph (autobiography and cat books); and not so long ago Sir Harold Nicolson (biography and criticism). With respect, I suggest that they might all profitably study, for the obvious analogy, that branch of psychology which tells us that little girls are apt to envy little boys the possession of natural faculties which no amount of wishing will bestow on little girls.

As a novelist, I am an interested party on the other side, but I have also published nine books of non-fiction, including books of history, criticism, and what I am told I should call metaphysics. This enables me to make certain comparisons, and I should like to put this opinion on record. The writing of novels, if only because the material to be worked on has no objective existence but is created out of the author's imagination, is a much more difficult task than the writing of non-fiction. The technique of construction and development can also be more complex, and, as the process of creation is continuous from the arrival of the original idea to the completion of the final draft, the drain on nervous vitality is more severe.—Yours, etc.,
Ealing, W.5

JOHN BROPHY

Problems of the Modern Novelist

Sir,—I should like to suggest that there is a connection between the fall in fictional sales and the increased demand for stories of personal adventure, to which Mr. Michael Joseph has referred. This seems to be the reading public's adherence to the idea of a book being the revelation of a man as told by his achievements, or at least his endeavours, and the modern British novelist's failure to engage his art to the contemporary scene so that such an idea can be realised.

Mr. T. R. Fyvel (THE LISTENER, April 21) appears to support this contention when he talks of our novelists lacking a definite attitude to the life of our own time. Surely, to attempt a novel without this definite attitude, especially one using a projection of the author as the central figure in the book, is to make real character portrayal almost impossible.

Nevertheless, is not this what has happened time and time again since the end of the war? Small blame, then, to the reader if he turns from half-hearted stories about people he cannot believe in, to the urgent dreams and exploits of *Kon-Tiki*, or *Seven Years in Tibet*, *The Conquest of Everest*, *The Wooden Horse*, or *The White Rabbit*, or dozens of other escape and espionage stories of the war. Such books show the men themselves in their overcoming of vast obstacles; whatever their shortcomings as pure writing, we know they describe actual events, and there is no arguing with them.

The reality of any book about human beings must surely depend on whether we can believe in those humans, that they have blood and ambitions and fears and so on. The entertainment value, if we wish to seek it, in any such book must depend on whether we can feel sympathy for them. No novel has ever succeeded in becoming either a masterpiece or a best-seller without credible characters worthy of sympathy; and many a shapeless family saga and plotless picaresque has stayed dear to the hearts of thousands because the people it presented could live with the reader and move him. Why did *Gatsby* succeed so well when *Tender Is The Night*, which Fitzgerald was certain was his best work, failed so miserably? Is it a coincidence that 'Gatsby' has some compelling characters and 'Tender' has but tedious, cleverly drawn shadows?

From many of our present novelists a new emphasis upon the place of character study seems demanded; at present Mr. Joyce Cary appears alone in his devotion to the full and objective realisation of men and women. And I believe that objective rather than subjective study is required; no writer can expect people to be interested in the niceties of his own problems, past or present, but he can interest himself in other people. Indeed the disorientated author may find that if he explores the characters of others, and as far as possible deliberately excludes himself from his book, he can discover himself and his times through those other people, and may write a book worth reading.

It has now become incumbent upon novelists to do this, both in order to defend their own status in the eyes of the public and in order to maintain their ever-necessary contribution to making us think about ourselves. A return to the attitude of writers like Thackeray, who described himself as 'an observer of human nature', is essential.

Such a revival could be a potent defence against what Mr. Fyvel calls the increased power of social institutions, and the loss of 'the feeling that it matters what one individual person thinks on any one issue'; what others may consider to be the first stages in the establishment of Orwell's Oceania.

Yours, etc.,

DONALD RAWE

Mitcham

Meeting Thomas Hardy

By WALTER DE LA MARE, O.M.

IT is a curious thing that events and experiences in one's life which may mean a great deal to one, and never cease to do so, may yet in after-memory be so difficult—not to recall, but to place in time and in order. They stand up, and continue so to do, out of the ocean of the past, like the mist-topped peak of Teneriffe, yet afterwards seem to resemble isolated treasure-islands in a sea-haze of the half-forgotten. We return to them again and again in memory; we delight to recall them. We go back to them as if into an old walled garden; but, alas, a garden which we shall never actually enter again.

Just so it was with the meeting I have in mind, and shall try to describe, with Thomas Hardy. He was, of course, a good deal older than I was when we met. He was older even then than I am now, though I am rapidly catching him up. He was born in 1840, and I came into this world more than thirty years afterwards—thirty of earth's annual circumambulations of the sun. In books, however, the question of time and even of age does not much count—not at least to the aged writer of them: A child a few years old—and I could prove it at this instant—may of her own free will and wish laboriously copy out complete poems which were actually the work of writers five to ten times her age.

Hardy was not wholly in his novels, though all his novels were wholly within himself. After all, how much of anybody's life is far beyond the telling. Think only of a child. However that may be, Hardy is not within my knowledge the rank immoralist the bishop who burnt his *Jude* supposed him to be. He made not the slightest attempt to twist or contort me into becoming an atheist. His 'pessimism' did not wrap me up in an evil cloud haunted by demons. Neither G. K. Chesterton's Hardy, nor, assuredly, George Moore's, made the faintest appearance in my happy days with him.

We actually met on Dorchester station's down platform. He showed a child's satisfaction and a rare courtesy almost peculiar to himself, in his immediate apology that in spite of every effort he had failed to get me a cab. Simply because the complete fleet of Dorchester's cabs had been secured by people with tickets for the first performance of a dramatised version of *Tess*. Therefore, having compelled me to give my bag into his keeping, we set out on foot. And soon, as it seemed, our footsteps were muffled by the beautiful moss-quiet turf of his Dorsetshire downs.

Suddenly, in the midst of our talk, under the immense canopy of the pale-blue latening sky, not very far from the sea of course, I became aware of a captivating, low, trilling chorus of birds, coming as it seemed from a shallow hollow of the downs no more than some thirty paces distant. I put up a finger and enquired of him what birds they were. We came to a standstill, he eyed me with a characteristically tilted glance that was never penetrating—always divining and comprehending—and replied that he could hear no birds. We continued after a few moments on our way. Were the birds that I had heard then really nature's; or had Hardy himself magicked them into my mind?

And so at length we came to his house, Max Gate. It had been of

his own design and building; indeed, his first book had been entitled *How I Built Myself a House*. It was not in the least like 'The House Beautiful', but resembled that style of writing which he said you must not make continuously flawless, since, then, it may become too much of a strain on the reader! What, however, would have redeemed, for me at any rate, sheer downright impossible ugliness was the fact, which he confided to me, that when the builders were cutting the approach to the house they had, by accident, chopped off the skull from a Roman skeleton. He showed me, too, afterwards, a sepulchral stone with a Latin inscription. A Legion had been quartered on Max Gate's site. And, since he thought the presence of the stone 'inauspicious', he had persuaded a dense mat of ivy to creep down, and so hide its inscription from the light of day. But I expect the moonbeams crept through the mat round about midnight.

In the hall of the house there hung a portrait of the first Mrs. Hardy, her golden ringlets bedangling her fair cheeks, and it was here I met Florence Hardy, who became the very kindest of friends. The next morning she picked white clambering roses from the bush beyond the doorway for her husband to lay on his first wife's grave. And then to the churchyard itself he and I made our way—across the dusty, parched downs in the bright, hot sun.

And as we went, there hove into view two very tall strangers, a gentleman, entirely in black, and a lady, a nun. The Hardys'

notorious dog was trotting free beside us. He was, I had gathered, always on the very verge of biting visitors, but not, as it seemed, by sheer instinct, all versifiers. The two strangers also had a dog, also unleashed; and both parties immediately put this irregularity right. As we approached one another Hardy had murmured a few words about them. They were, I think, personal friends. What he said so much interested me that a few discreet paces after passing them I stooped low, pretending to tie up my shoe-lace so that I could get an even closer back-view. My manners, I fear, went to the wind in Hardy's company—though never his own. In the churchyard he pointed out to me the gravestones of some of the old friends who appeared in his poem entitled 'Friends Beyond':

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock churchyard now!

There, too, lay a schoolchild, who indeed was once his sweetheart and whom, in a sweethearts' quarrel, he had pushed back on to the stove behind her—burning her hands. It was the one thing in life he told me that he could never, never forgive himself. And there had never come the opportunity, since she had died young.

It is obviously impossible to compact into a short space more than a mere fraction of what happened in those few hours with him. We half-ascended Bullbarrow Beacon, a feat for me even more momentous than the conquest of Mount Everest. He showed me where in Dorchester a wife who had murdered her husband had been burned alive. Had it been he himself who had witnessed the burning, or his father? I cannot



Max Gate, home of Thomas Hardy from 1885 until his death in 1928

Reece Winstone

be certain. Tess, we know, murdered *her* milksop husband, was reprieved when her story appeared serially, but—how characteristically again—was hanged in the novel.

A much less expected little happening was his bringing down an unfinished poem in manuscript, laying it on the table, and asking *me* if I could suggest a better word than the one he had rejected—he who could use *any* English word in verse he wanted to, including pantechnicon and domiciled. Then, again, I have never ceased blushing all over my body, as Kipling says, when I remember his referring to a certain young lady (a character in a story of mine—and a wicked one, too) whom he assured me was so real in effect that one could 'touch her with one's hand'. And now I am wondering if blush I actually should, because it appears an outstanding characteristic of apparitions—and what else are fictional 'characters'—that one cannot submit them to one's sense of touch, though they may touch you.

The lyrics in embryo that he must have squandered on me in those few most precious talks! Whatever he said was somehow what *he*

said. And he alone could have said it so simply, so ordinarily. Why then so strangely and memorably—indelibly? It was all so wholly in keeping. The very next afternoon, for example—a Sunday—he told me rather diffidently after lunch, but with Florence Hardy's nod of concurrence, that a prince was coming to tea. I did not turn a hair, I hope; nor ask which prince. I merely ran through, as far as I could, the complete Victorian Royal Family and decided against each one of them in turn. Then I remained on tenterhooks.

Round about four there came a ring at the bell. And as if a Jinnee had trumpeted in my ear, I realised instantly that on the doorstep was Colonel Lawrence. And Colonel Lawrence was, of course, a Prince of Mecca.

On reflection, all that I have been trying to suggest is that sharing Hardy's company, sharing his mind, his imagination, and his living voice had been to me, as it were, a transmutation of myself into a character in one of his novels. Nor could one conceivably imagine a richer compliment.—*Third Programme*

'Please Take One ...'

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR on church guide-books

EVERY year, at least once, and several times if I am lucky, I like to go off with a friend for a few days in a small car and look, pretty intensively, at churches: it might be the Lincolnshire Fen churches, the Cotswold wool churches, Devonshire, Cheshire, the East Riding of Yorkshire—almost anywhere, in fact. Some counties are better than others; nobody, I think, would make very high claims for Surrey or Hampshire or Westmorland. But luckily the total supply, within the span of a single lifetime, is almost inexhaustible. There are round about 9,000 English churches whose foundation goes back to the Middle Ages, and of these at least half are still worth seeing. In Suffolk and Norfolk alone, I have reckoned, with the help of the invaluable books of Mr. Munro Cautley, that there are about 450 churches which should not be missed, and of these I have myself seen only about a third as yet.

Do They Pay for Themselves?

But it is not so much the churches themselves that I want to discuss here as those descriptive booklets which are often placed, so trustingly, on a table near the door. You know the sort of thing: 'Please take one, and put your money in the box'. I have often wondered whether these little productions pay for themselves. I suppose occasionally a mean person helps himself without paying. But just as often, I dare say, a grateful visitor puts in more than the amount asked for. Occasionally the money box is not even locked—which never strikes me as a very good idea! I have piles of these booklets at home, and lately I have been going through some of them again.

What a very English thing they are! A perfect example of the working of free, absolutely free, enterprise, with its virtues of initiative and individuality and lack of regimentation, and perhaps some of its less successful characteristics, too. Yet some are much better than others, so much better that possibly a few general impressions, prompted by my browse, would not be out of place. To begin with, there is the question of the mode of address. I do rather like this to be impersonal. I don't care about being apostrophised as 'Brother', nor yet as 'Pilgrim', nor even as 'Wayfarer'! I am just a visitor: and that is surely the best word to use. In several of my booklets a whole page is given up to exhortation: 'Wayfarer, Who comest hither to visit this ancient Church, wilt thou, before thou goest forth on thy way, keep a tryst with God?'—and so on, in black Gothic lettering . . . No: I don't care for that, either.

Perhaps the commonest fault of these booklets is verbosity. I have one, on a not very important church, which is forty-eight pages long and weighs over three ounces. It is quite well written, but altogether out of scale with the average visitor's requirements. In other instances recourse is made to the most shamefaced padding. Let me give you just one, fairly egregious, example. This is how the description opens:

Nearly eight hundred years old! What a magnificent vista do these years call up before our imagination! Look back through the centuries

to the milestones of history. Back, past the long reign of Queen Victoria, and the era of the Four Georges, past Queen Anne and William and Mary—back past Oliver Cromwell and his Roundheads—past the Gunpowder Plot, James the First, and all the Stuart dynasty.

This church stood out grim and old when Shakespeare was writing his plays. It was three and a half centuries old then. You must go a long way further back—past the days of the Spanish Armada and good Queen Bess, of bluff old King Hal and the rest of the Tudors. Still back, past the Wars of the Roses to the days of chivalry, of tournaments and coats of mail—of jousts and revels and Court jesters. Back further still, past the days of Joan of Arc, the Black Prince, and the stirring times of Cressy and Poitiers. To get to the building of this grand old parish church you must go right back past the Plantagenet Kings and barons, and the Crusades, to the days when King Stephen sat on the throne.

And so on and so on. We have read nearly a page, and we have learnt absolutely nothing about this church except its age; and that does not matter much, since in this case very little of the medieval building survives.

Excessive sentimentality can also be rather a trial. Here is a characteristic sample:

The church is open daily and affords an interesting study, not only to the archaeologist, but to those 'who have sufficient soul to love St Mary's'. To those who have patience enough to sit at her side awhile, every cranny and nook will speak, each line of tracery will bring forth a memory, for there is not a stone in this old church which will not be a voice from beyond.

Not very helpful, is it?

Another habit which I find rather tiresome is a tendency to make excessive and even ridiculous claims for buildings or features of only medium quality. Everyone knows that Somerset is the supreme county for towers, but it is a church with only one of the second-class towers whose guide-book claims it as 'the most graceful in the country'. It is not, I can assure you. Another church considers itself 'one of the most beautiful and interesting in the kingdom': in fact, it has one rare feature dating from the twelfth century and is otherwise well-nigh ruined by Victorian restoration. 'Cathedral-like proportions' is a phrase which is apt to crop up when any large village church is being described. I have just been reading an account of one such church in which this expression occurs; in fact, the proportions do not resemble those of a cathedral in any way whatever.

Good Examples

All the same, despite the wordiness of some of these booklets, despite the platitudes, the heart-throbs ('this ancient fane', and so on), despite, too, the occasional touches of facetiousness, what has struck me, dawdling through my collection, is how well done a number of them are. Here are just a few of these guides that seem to me really good: on Chartham in Kent, Studland in Dorset, and Martock in Somerset, with



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London, W.C.1

its superb tie-beam roof, of which it is good to have an illustration. Then two in the West Country—Elkstone in Gloucestershire, with its very interesting twelfth-century carvings, and Ripple in Worcestershire, whose guide describes and illustrates all the twelve fifteenth-century misericords representing the Occupations of the Months. In East Anglia it is fitting that two of the most famous churches, Long Melford in Suffolk and Salle in Norfolk, should have two of the best guides. Other good ones describe stately Patrington in Yorkshire, and the priory church of Lanercost in Cumberland. No doubt there are many more good ones which I have not yet chanced to discover. At Abingdon in Berkshire one booklet contains notes on all the town's churches, which seems to me an excellent idea that might be copied elsewhere.

Some of these guides are written from a background of considerable learning. Some, though not always the most scholarly, offer sound aesthetic judgements. For example, several say candidly that their Victorian glass is dreadful, and recommend its removal. The cry of pain is heard in other connections, too. At Lingfield in Surrey we have a reference to 'the present monstrosities which pass for pews'. But my favourite is Wrington in Somerset, where the notes on the church include a section entitled 'Points not to be noticed'.

Some of these booklets are the repositories of queer little pieces of history and gossip. At Sompting in Sussex one of the eighteenth-century vicars is recorded as having written a poem with the title 'Laugh and lye down; or, a pleasant but sure remedy for the Gout'. At Whitby there are a couple of ear trumpets at the back of the pulpit. These, we are told, were affixed to the pulpit and to the reading desk in the early years of the nineteenth century for the benefit of a minister's wife who was deaf and sat in the pew below. At Westham, adjoining Pevensey, we learn that 'owls sometimes find their way into the church and are difficult to dislodge'. On one occasion it is recorded that half a dozen sat in a row upon the rafters and listened, with unwavering attention, and not a hint of dissent, to a reading of the Thirty-Nine Articles!

There are a couple of firms who now produce these little guide books in uniform series: something like 500 are issued under the imprint of one of them, and they include some of the best examples. In a few places the need for a guide has been supplied by reprinting, with permission, from authoritative publications. That wonderful little church at Kilpeck in Herefordshire, for instance, used to have for its guide a reprint from the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments volume. This was an excellent arrangement for a building of this importance, and it is a great pity that it is no longer available. At East Pennard in

Somerset the guide is taken from the Proceedings of the County Archaeological Society, another happy notion. But in many churches the local product still holds the field, generally the work of the present parson or of one of his predecessors, or, sometimes, of a local antiquary; and, as I have said, I should be sad to see it otherwise.

Nevertheless, there is always room for improvement, and I should like now to put forward a few practical suggestions. First, with regard to printing: I am afraid it is not to be denied that the general standard of printing and photography in these booklets is far from good. The lay-out is often bad: the type too small: and all too frequently I find an addiction to churchy gothic lettering which is neither agreeable nor efficient. Then about plans: a plan really is important, and if work of different periods can be indicated by shading and the principal features by numbers, that is always a great help. Then I like a brief history, followed by a more detailed description, arranged if possible in ambulating sequence. Of this I have an admirable example which I have not so far mentioned: a booklet about the ancient church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield. Here, after a short introductory history, there is a photograph on every right-hand page and a short but most informative description opposite; so if you walk round the church, stopping wherever the photographs were taken, you can be sure of missing nothing.

Since one has not always time to read the whole guide while one is in the church, I like the chief features to be emphasised with bolder type or the paragraphs to have separate headings. The addition of a single-page summary of what to see, for the benefit of the visitor in a hurry, is probably also worth while. As for photographs, they are certainly welcome if they are related to the text, but otherwise I would rather do without them unless they can be included within very reasonable price limits. Prices vary from church to church, and no doubt should do so, according to how much there is to be seen, but unless there is a special reason, I do not think a booklet should cost more than a shilling at the most.

I should like to appeal to those churches which do not at present provide any guide at all, to make an effort to produce something, even if it is only a twopenny leaflet. Sometimes there is a typed sheet of notes gummed on to a board for the use of visitors but not to be taken away: even that is much better than nothing. But a short guide is to be preferred, and, as I have said, there are several thousand churches in England good enough to justify one. Among my collection I have, certainly, some duds, but I also have some little beauties, to which reference can be made again and again with pleasure and profit.

—Home Service

Working Round the Clock

(continued from page 737)

the countervailing disadvantage that they would increase the dangers of monopoly.

You can now see that my suggestions would involve a major disturbance of the business community and a reduction in the standard of life of part of the managerial class. In compensation, the least modern, least efficiently, and least intensively used of our existing industrial capital would be abandoned and our limited and precious national labour force would be concentrated on the best plants and managements. But frankly, speaking as an academic economist outside the strife of business life, I would not have had the temerity to start such a disturbing hare in public had I not recently read some outspoken remarks on similar lines by a well-known business man addressing an audience of his peers. Here are some extracts from a *Manchester Guardian* report of a speech made on March 25, in Lancashire, by Colonel W. A. Grierson, Chairman and Managing Director of an important textile firm.

The problem of modern machinery is bound up with shift working. Double day shifts are universal with our competitors and of course in many cases three shifts are operated abroad. Lancashire, which generally is on a single shift basis stands alone. No mill has a chance of long term survival working a forty-five hour week. This is not a fact which is really in dispute. It is realised by workpeople, foremen managers, and the Unions. It is agreed that the industry needs half the number of mills—obviously the better half—running double day shifts. Which mills must close down?

Colonel Grierson then went on to suggest that the test should be

whether the mill had introduced post-war machinery and modern methods of machine and labour utilisation and he gave the provocative warning:

The shareholders in firms in this category (he means the backward category of course) would be well advised to act quickly and insist on voluntary liquidation before the opportunity passes and the assets dwindle.

The assumption here is that in Lancashire competitive forces will eventually bring about the revolution without national action, in contrast to what I was saying about industry generally. But Colonel Grierson was referring to foreign competition, which is quite another matter.

No doubt the Colonel's views are not universally popular in Lancashire and no doubt the Lancashire cotton industry itself presents something of a special case, but surely his arguments are worth serious consideration.

Whether Colonel Grierson's remedy should be applied nationally in the sort of revolutionary manner I have been discussing, I am not yet prepared to say; certainly not until current research has been carried much further. There are a number of ways in which the national standard of living could be substantially raised if we were prepared to put up with some major disturbance to existing commercial interests and with a general political hullabaloo. Shift working—and its concomitant industrial concentration—is only one of them.

—Third Programme

Art

Round the London Galleries

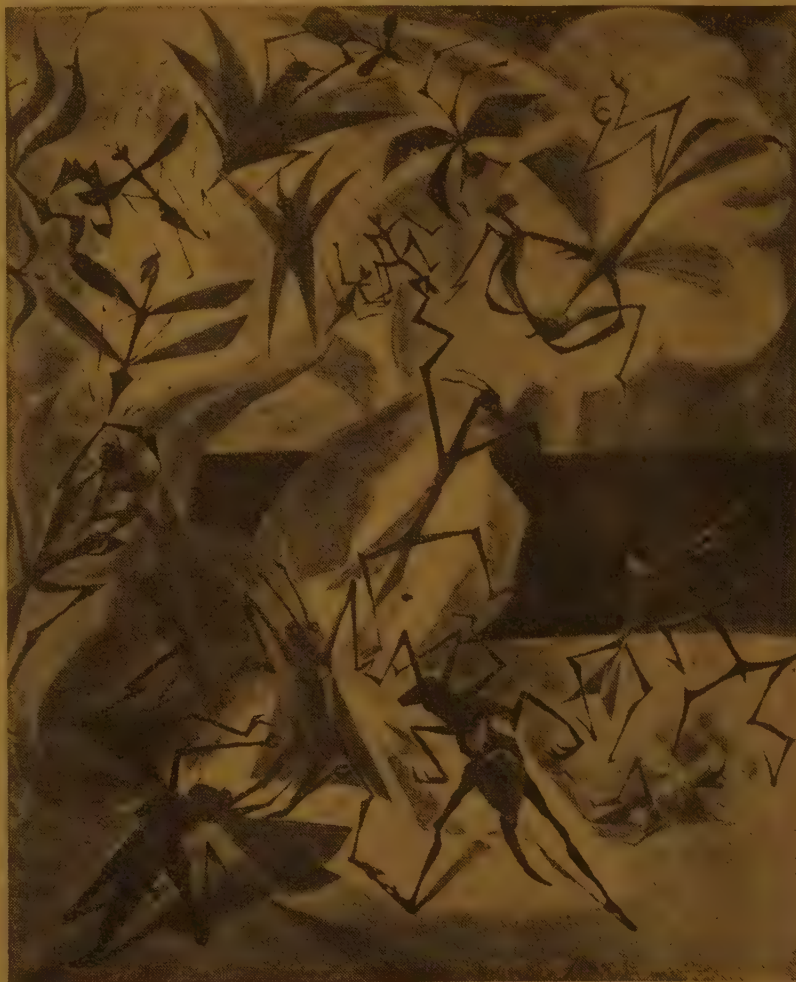
By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IT would be easy to preach a sermon on the subject of André Masson in which he was described as a great talent sacrificed to the pursuit of fashion. He, as much as anyone, seems to have been a victim of the delusion that progress in art is inevitable and each new style consequently better than its predecessor. With advancing years, it might be pointed out, he did see the advantage of not keeping up with movements led by younger men, but, by then, it could be maintained, this was too late. His constant changes of style had prevented him from developing a wholly individual manner and outlook, and for lack of these he wandered from one old master to another, imitating now Cézanne, now Renoir, and now Turner and the Chinese.

Material for such a homily could certainly be extracted from a retrospective exhibition of Masson's work from 1930 to 1955 at the Leicester Galleries, though not so much as there would have been if the exhibition had gone back further and included a selection of his surrealist pictures and of works of the time when he felt the influence of the cubists. Between the Turneresque or Chinese landscapes and his paintings of insects engaged in a horrifying dance, between his treatment of the Montagne Sainte-Victoire and the linear style of his latest highly stylised pastel of a fish and a sphinx, there is only the most distant resemblance of style. Over and above the great diversity of subject, colour-scheme, and handling there is a constant vacillation, of which Masson's own remarks show that he is perfectly conscious, between what he calls the magic of line and the attraction of the large brush used with freedom and vigour. Yet, in spite of everything, and although it is difficult not to believe that Masson would have been a greater painter if he had had a less easily distracted mind, it is impossible not to be captivated by all this abundance and variety. Equally it is impossible not to recognise the perfection of his touch, the experience which enables him to put his paint on too lightly and loosely, as it would seem, for there to be any real drawing, and yet, in fact, with a surprisingly precise indication of structure and space. The sermon, it must be concluded, breaks down in the face of the real distinction with which a whole series of romantic visions is executed, invented, and composed.

Nevertheless Masson is certainly an uneven artist. His appetite for variety sometimes leads him into triviality or even silliness and inevitably he cannot attain equal mastery in every style that he assumes. The almost entirely abstract 'Dindon Plumé' of 1948 might be the work of any reasonably capable painter of the school of Picasso, and in the landscape 'Le Forum et les Astres' the drawing of the buildings really degenerates into a fashionable formula. The most complete expression of his talent is no doubt to be found in the series of landscapes, sometimes of a wide stretch of country and sometimes of no more than

a square yard of ground, which he painted round about 1950; 'Rivière en Hiver' is a wonderful performance, a composition which has an extraordinary continuity of rhythm sustained throughout the apparently rather smudgy handling and a most delicate and discreet opalescence in its subdued colour. A different but nearly as remarkable aspect of Masson's talent comes out in his fierce paintings of animals such as 'Hibou avec Lièvre', in strong, tawny colours.



'Ballet d'Insectes' (1935), by André Masson, from the retrospective exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

The *Daily Express* Young Artists' Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries is yet another attempt to encourage the young; very laudable and generous, though equally welcome would be some solace for the painters of over fifty, and perhaps even an occasional prize for the centenarian artist. Here there are many pictures in the contemporary realist or social realist manner, though few illustrate this style in its most morose or ferocious aspect; there is also a rather smaller collection of abstract paintings. Handsome prizes have been given to known artists, among them Mr. Lucian Freud and Mr. John Bratby, as well as to unknown; it is rather disturbing to find oneself agreeing with the jury in their awards to known artists but rather more doubtful about their choice of newcomers. The realist painters here are apt to be strident and declamatory even though they have no obvious message to deliver; Mr. John Inlander's two Italian landscapes, the larger of them a prize-winner but the smaller the more sensitively painted, are all the more pleasing because of their subdued palette and mild contrasts of tone.

The Arts Council at 4 St James's Square shows the work of a Swedish artist, C. F. Hill, whose paintings and drawings will come as a fascinating discovery to many people in this country. To begin with he worked in France, learning much from Courbet and the Barbizon painters and afterwards influenced by the impressionists. His work in this vein is sound and agreeable and would presumably always be appreciated in his native country, just as it would be in England if he had been an Englishman. But it is not because of these pictures that the present exhibition has been arranged; in 1877 he went mad and thereafter, with a pen or a box of chalks given to him to keep him quiet, he produced many thousands of drawings in a darkened room, some of them of remarkable beauty and others less excellent but incredibly like the work of Picasso or his followers. His landscapes, some of them with no more than a twist of lunacy in their aspect, have the refined elaboration which often goes with madness, the disease of the mind in no way impairing the control of the hand.

The Matthiessen Gallery has put together an interesting collection of the pointillist pictures of Elliott Seabrooke, obviously with the intention of showing that he was at his best when working in this style, and visitors to the Masson exhibition should not overlook the lively, witty and accomplished drawings of Federico Moroni at the same gallery.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Dreyfus Case: A Reassessment

By Guy Chapman. Hart-Davis. 25s.

IT IS TIME for a reassessment of the Dreyfus Affair. It is nearly fifty years since the verdict of Rennes was finally quashed, and fifteen since the Third Republic went down in defeat. Developments of the last twenty years demand some rethinking of the significance of the Affair. A generation which has known the nearly successful effort to exterminate European Jewry has cause to reflect upon how it was that injustice to one Jewish officer in France could precipitate so violent a controversy. Experience of the Vichy regime, backed by service chiefs and by the followers of Charles Maurras, prompts the question whether Vichy was correctly described as 'the revenge of the anti-Dreyfusards'. Modern perversions of power made possible by the exploiting of mass hysteria and violent nationalist agitation are seen as having their genesis in the sensational press and virulent anti-semitic campaigns of men like Drumont. Moreover, as Professor Chapman suggests, most existing histories of the Affair are 'overlaid with propaganda put out by partisans on both sides'. It is good that he has had the courage and tenacity to work his way through the immense mass of material in search of a more objective interpretation. But it is a pity that he has then not attempted to discuss some of these broader issues involved, and has drawn so little benefit from the advantages of hind-sight which are the proper perquisites of the historian.

The gist of Professor Chapman's reassessment is that there is little or no evidence of an army plot against Dreyfus or against the Republic, and even less evidence of a clerical plot; and similarly that the Dreyfusists were by no means the 'Syndicate' which their enemies denounced. Both sides greatly exaggerated and overdramatised the degree of concerted action and even of deliberation involved. The minor activities of little men and the twists of chance had a cumulative effect which, in the over-heated atmosphere of the time, produced great events. Anti-semitism did not play a dominant part in the arrest and trial of Dreyfus, and came to matter only in the later stages. The revisionists or Dreyfusards cohered as a group only in 1898, and throughout there was less general and sustained public interest in the controversy than is usually supposed. But increasingly Socialists, Radicals and political men of various kinds saw in the whole tangle of events opportunities for party advantage, and the anti-clerical campaign in which it culminated was but the opportunistic exploitation of these advantages.

This evaluation is only partly convincing. If there was no deliberate conspiracy there was a persistent bias of the service mind which exalted military prestige above all moral considerations of individual rights. If the Assumptionists were used by anti-clericals as scarecrows, they had an immense influence on the opinion of the country clergy through their violent paper *La Croix* and cannot be dismissed as isolated extremists. At least the Catholic Dreyfusard organisation, the *Comité Catholique pour la Défense du Droit*, was a fiasco. The author does not extend to the Socialists the sympathy and tolerance which he shows towards the army or the Church, and he is less than just to Jaures. In the light of contemporary military leadership, Urbain Gohier's arguments for civilian values were more cogent than he allows. Even his own restrained and scholarly account of events leaves an overwhelming impression of boundless

stupidity, arrogance, bigotry and vanity among the highest army leaders. There is a point, in public affairs, beyond which stupidity becomes irredeemable by other qualities. The War Office went far beyond that point, and was the chief author of its own misfortunes.

Romanesque Sculpture in Italy

By G. H. Crichton.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 50s.

Monuments of Romanesque Art: the Art of Church Treasures in North-Western Europe. By H. Swarzenski.

Faber. 8 guineas

Forty years ago most Englishmen interested in the history of art thought of the Romanesque style in terms of the local 'Norman', which had been studied for more than a century. As a consequence they thought of it in terms primarily of architecture; sculpture meant dog-tooth mouldings rather than figure work; and the minor arts were briefly summed up in the Bayeux tapestry. The work of many foreign scholars—Emile Mâle, Kingsley Porter, Puig y Cadafalch, Bertaux, Paul Deschamps, Gaillard, and many others—and of a few Englishmen, notably Mr. Arthur Gardner, has completely changed our view. We now see Romanesque art as a European style, in which Norman England plays an interesting but minor part. At present, too, it would seem that interest in the period is tending to shift from pure architecture to the ancillary arts and to the illumination of manuscripts.

The two books under review admirably illustrate the change in view. Mr. Crichton's shows how much increasing facilities of travel, especially by road, have made the Romanesque art of Italy familiar to students. His book is, indeed, arranged for the convenience of such travellers on a topographical basis, by provinces and by cities. His book is sound and careful rather than highly original, but will long serve as a guide to Italian Romanesque sculpture as useful and dependable as Mr. Gardner's is for the traveller in France.

Dr. Swarzenski's book is of another kind. It does for the Romanesque church treasures of north-western Europe what Lord Conway of Allington planned to do forty years ago and never did. Yet it does it primarily as a picture book. The introduction, based, as the author tells us, on two seminar courses given at Princeton in 1940 and 1942, occupies only twenty-six quarto pages. The notes on the plates and the accompanying bibliography are far more informative; but there is no attempt to give a general account of the development of Romanesque style and technique in the decorative arts. Similarly there is little attempt to define national style or to evaluate the influence of one art upon another. The book gains much, however, by the inclusion of illuminated manuscripts: a perfectly logical inclusion, usually prevented by the fact that students of MSS. and of church treasures are commonly different people. Dr. Swarzenski treats Romanesque as a development of Carolingian style, and deliberately—and avowedly—excludes the 'Latin' area of Burgundy and Provence, Spain and Italy. His book covers the non-Mediterranean aspects of Romanesque decoration, and covers them well. Yet it contains some hard sayings. Why in the world should the head of Pope Alexander from Stavelot (Plates 359-361; the text reference to plates

163-4 is wrong) be described as 'the first Romanesque sculpture in the round that is not a mere cult image'? It is a cult image, and a good deal later than others, not to mention innumerable earlier heads in tympana and on capitals that are in fact sculptured in the round. The citation indicates the weakness of the introduction: a tendency to generalise without sufficient regard to fact.

None the less, Dr. Swarzenski's is a superb picture book, from which any intelligent observer may learn a great deal, and in which even an experienced student may find many unfamiliar things brought to his notice; but it is rather an *ad interim* report on the material available from the north-west quarter of Europe than any assessment for our time of its importance or its interrelation.

A King's Heritage: the Memoirs of King Peter II of Yugoslavia. Cassell. 25s.

'I have written this book at such an early age', the ex-king of Yugoslavia explains, 'because I want to put all these momentous events down on paper whilst I am still young and whilst they are still fresh in my mind. In this story I have laid bare my hopes and freely admitted my mistakes...'. In fact his memoirs are disappointing on the one hand for unmistakable signs of the old Bourbon weakness, and on the other, because though he lived close to tremendous events, the royal child or youth was inevitably sheltered from their direct impact.

The heritage of this king was that of the Serb Karageorgević dynasty: this, in the person of his father, King Alexander, had over-centralised what was originally conceived as a more or less federal union between the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Alexander believed in all sincerity that his kingdom would otherwise fall apart. But by allowing the Serb officers' tradition to be imposed upon the Slovenes and Croats, with their more western inheritance, he completely exasperated the Croats without satisfying the Slovenes.

The royal dictatorship made many other enemies, nor could the regency which followed Alexander's assassination win many friends. The boy king who succeeded him could not know what was done in his name—it is interesting that he does not mention Stoyadinović, the much-hated and notoriously corrupt prime minister—nor how many communists were created in those days by the obstinate mistakes of the regime. There was one short period immediately after the revolution of March 1941 when the Regent was expelled and young King Peter himself symbolised the nation's hopes. But he was swept away into exile, and, rightly or wrongly, the inhabitants of his country increasingly came to feel that the partisan leader, Tito represented and fought for them. Although the issue was bitterly disputed, more and more people heard that the king's man, Mihailović, intrigued with the Italians and did not fight the hated Germans. Perhaps we shall never know the truth about this, though the ex-king is convinced that Mihailović was the greatest of the partisans and that the British officers who reported otherwise were naive.

The extent to which the young king was shut away in the wings from the Yugoslav drama can be measured by the fact that on the morning of the 1941 revolution he found himself listening to a speech which was broadcast in his name. His memoirs thus add relatively little to our

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knowledge of the course of events. Certain negative facts of significance emerge, for instance that King Peter was no longer allowed to attend Prince Paul's inner councils from the end of January 1941 when the Regent had made up his mind to compromise with Hitler and sign the Tripartite Pact.

The ex-king naturally devotes a good deal of space to his efforts to resist abdication after he had liberated Belgrade late in 1944. It is, of course, of constitutional importance that his previous statements at this time should be recorded. It is slightly unfortunate that several passages have crept into his text and his index; the former British Minister in Bucharest, Sir Gerald Hoare, for instance, has here become William Hore. And is it true that when the Yugoslav Ministers signed the Tripartite Pact they agreed that Axis troops should be allowed to cross their territory? All the evidence hitherto available has suggested the contrary.

The Life of David Hume. By Ernest Campbell Mossner. Nelson. 42s.

John Strachey, whose own biographies were neither length, said that a biography should be as long as Boswell or as short as an obituary. Professor Mossner's *David Hume* runs to nearly 250,000 words: but as Hume wrote his own 'brief life', and as there is already an acceptable biography of modest dimensions, the reader could hardly wish a new biography to be any shorter than this. He might even wish it longer, for the one weakness of Mr. Mossner's book is the very inadequate account it gives of Hume's philosophy. This weakness blunts to some extent the central irony of the tale: that Hume, the greatest philosopher of his age, could have been ignored as a philosopher and acclaimed by his contemporaries, on the strength of his far less important history books, as their greatest man of letters.

Generally speaking, however, and it is perhaps unfair to expect a literary scholar to do justice to so technical and intricate a subject as Hume's empiricism, Mr. Mossner's book is a model biography. Twenty years' work has gone into its preparation; and while it is minutely detailed, no detail is without interest and significance. The author is a professor of Texas University, and just as his names suggest a mixed German and Scots descent, so does his book reveal a patriotic Scottish sentiment as well as a Germanic thoroughness. Clearly Mr. Mossner likes Hume and Hume's Edinburgh, and he seems to have taken as many pains to purge his own writing of Americanisms as Hume took to purge his of Scottishisms.

Hume would have been content, had he had the money, to have spent his whole life in a library, reading and writing. He had not Locke's conviction that a philosopher ought to live in the world in order to learn the truths of action as well as the truths of thought; Hume lived his active life only because he had to earn his read, and retirement was always his goal. Readers of his biography may be thankful that his goal eluded him, for otherwise Hume's story would have been as dull as Kant's, instead of being, as it is, rich in adventure and comedy and drama and humanity. Mr. Mossner shows Hume in battle, Hume in love, Hume in debt; Hume honoured and Hume disgraced; Hume as a Bristol merchant's clerk, as an Edinburgh librarian, as an army lawyer, as a *chargé d'affaires* in Paris; as a dismally unsuccessful writer and as a prodigiously successful one; as an atheist, a philanthropist, a moralist and an *homme du salon*, 'le bon David' of France and St. David' of Scotland.

Hume was remarkably precocious. He left Edinburgh University at fifteen without a degree but as well read as any master of arts. Soon

afterwards he had the sort of nervous breakdown which seldom comes except in early middle-age. Besides the usual physical symptoms he suffered from 'a coldness and desertion of the spirit' which he thought very like what he had read of the dark night of the mystic's soul. This was as near as he ever got to religious experience, and he did not like it at all. He cured himself of such sensations by taking vigorous exercise, eating well, and looking at life with a sceptical, mocking eye. Thus a thin, tormented little Scotsman grew to be as fat and rubicund as a 'turtle-eating London Alderman' (the phrase was Charlemont's). Hume made himself, defensively, into something of a showman. His love affair with Madame de Boufflers was the perfect eighteenth-century romance, with sincerity and insincerity most subtly interwoven, and his death-bed scene as the Unrepentant Unbeliever with Boswell there to 'cover' it for posterity, was played with a marvellous control of the audience. Hume's control of himself never faltered, despite his (much misunderstood) apophthegm that reason is and ought only to be the slave of the passions. His *Treatise of Human Nature*, one of the greatest single works of genius ever written, was finished before he was twenty-five; but he would not allow himself to believe he had written anything so immoderate as a masterpiece, and a few years later he tried to improve what he had done by re-writing it as *An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding*, as mediocre a book as any great man ever wrote.

Like many rationalists, he was very kind and he was not resentful when romantics like Rousseau repaid his generosity by maligning him, or when the professional Christians of Edinburgh robbed him of a university chair. Such people could not, he believed, help it, so there was no point in blaming them. But he could be shocked, or pretend to be shocked. He wrote *à propos* of the reception of his history:

I thought I was the only historian who had at once neglected present power, interest, authority and the cry of popular prejudices. I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment. I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation and even detestation.

This was not quite true. Hume's *History* is too plainly anti-Whig to rank as impartial. And it was by no means universally condemned. Its sales were enormous. As Hume admitted, the money the booksellers gave him made him 'not only independent but opulent'.

There are several passages in Hume's little autobiography which Mr. Mossner's researches show to be mild distortions or exaggerations of the facts; but Hume's testimony stands up to Mr. Mossner's kind of investigation better than most people's would. If things did not happen exactly as Hume said they did, he was certainly the kind of man he said he was: 'a man of mild Dispositions, of Command of Temper, of an open, social and cheerful Humour, capable of Attachment, but little susceptible of Enmity . . .'. Having said as much Hume confessed there was a 'vanity' in doing so; he added: 'I hope it is not a misplac'd one'.

The Piltdown Forgery. By J. S. Weiner. Oxford. 12s. 6d.

It is arguable that more harm has been done to science, especially to archaeology, by collectors than by vandals. But the damage usually consists of the destruction, not the creation, of evidence. Dawson, a Sussex collector of ill repute amongst his archaeological neighbours, went one better than most of his kind; and as the only begetter of the Piltdown Man he will no doubt achieve a somewhat specious form of immortality. Dr. Weiner's verdict, reached after a long and conspicuously judicial examination of the

facts, does not in fact condemn him; but the circumstantial evidence is very strong. The only other candidate is Dawson's half-crazy fellow collector, Lewis Abbott, and we presume that Dr. Weiner has satisfied himself that Abbott was innocent. One damning fact, not mentioned by Dr. Weiner as such, is that Dawson, who was 'in regular touch' with Smith Woodward, said nothing about his alleged discovery till *three years* after it was supposed to have been made; and yet he was quite clever and knowledgeable enough to have instantly recognised its importance.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but after all no archaeologist of the modern school had an opportunity of scrutinising the facts; it was not their concern, but that of geologists and anatomists. Archaeologists are only concerned in so far as the upper layers of soil might be involved. It is hardly fair, therefore, to blame them for the mystification. Some of the claims made were absurd; a gravel deposit only a few feet thick is unlikely to consist of two strata greatly differing in age. The statement (p. 132) that Dawson 'was not an inexperienced excavator' is perhaps formally correct, for unfortunately he had done quite a bit of digging. But he was completely ignorant of the way to do it—as indeed were almost all excavators at that date.

The hoax satisfied most of the requirements postulated by Vayson de Pradenne, the exposé of Glozel; here was a dupe and his needs were met and his wishes fulfilled with what should have been regarded as suspicious regularity. Woodward, the dupe, being a museum man, obviously failed to realise the vital importance of *gisement*; like so many of his kind he indulged in mere object-worship.

It is a sorry tale of incompetence and of second raters, and the sooner it is forgotten the better. Dr. Weiner has done his job well and the whole affair may be regarded as finished.

Lost Girls. By Caroline Brown. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Of all the institutions to which Juvenile Courts send children and adolescents Remand Homes must be the most difficult to administer. Their population is a floating one, few of the inmates being sent there for a definite period. The big majority are merely there for examination or safe custody pending the decision of the courts about their future. There can, therefore, be no definite courses of treatment or education. Into one of these homes Mrs. Caroline Brown was suddenly plunged as a non-resident and temporary teacher. Promptly she was placed in charge of a separate unit for the girls suffering from venereal diseases, a task that would have daunted anyone who had been trained specially for such work. But Mrs. Brown had no such training. None the less, she worked amid these difficult and depressing cases for five months and only left because her husband had to move to a different locality.

This book tells the story of Mrs. Brown's courageous struggles during those five months. Her natural gifts of common-sense and good humour helped her. Thus when some of the girls locked themselves in a room, she issued no commands or threats, but merely fastened the door on the other side with a padlock and told the girls that she had done so, explaining to a colleague: 'Once they know they can't get out by themselves, they will want to get out'. So it happened. This is typical of the author's approach. Such methods in the end made some of the girls like her and become her supporters and thus her depressing task became easier.

Most of the inmates came from bad homes. In many cases their parents had had no constructive influence over their lives. 'Most of the

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THE TIMES *Weekly Review* 18s.

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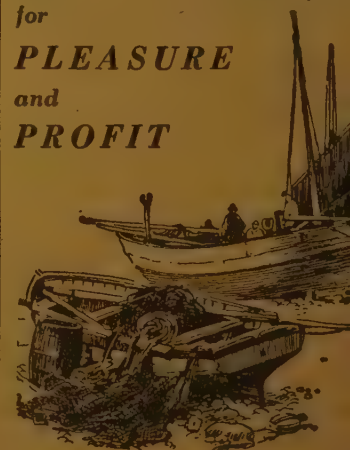
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Is had lost their mothers, not through death. Usually their mothers were alive. Some of them had gone off with another man. Some were unfaithful to their husbands. Some of those remaining under the same roof as their daughters had no point of contact with them any more. Reading this book one wonders if any of the Juvenile Courts had used their powers to bring home to the parents the consequences

in their children's lives of their own failures.

Probably because of the parents' failures these young women had no solid standards and no healthy ambitions. 'They all had visions of marrying someone better than common and making a happy ending to their own story'. Yet their ways of life had been and seemed likely to continue to be such that they could only appeal to the worst qualities in men.

Religion, whatever label had been given them, meant nothing to them. 'They used to enjoy some of the Old Testament stories. . . . But when I started to speak about the New Testament, I sensed antagonism. They suspected me of trying to "get at them"'.
Though this is a grim book, it is well worth reading. Happily the misery is relieved by Mrs. Brown's good sense and her natural wit.

New Novels

The Picnic at Sakkara. By P. H. Newby. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Enter Sir Robert. By Angela Thirkell. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

Jemmy Button. By Benjamin Subercaseaux. W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.

Federigo, or The Power of Love. By Howard Nemerov. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

It was, oddly enough, a President of the United States who invented the world's best book review: 'Those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like'. Lincoln's formula has the merit of being universally applicable; but its use is especially appropriate in the case of those novelists who have it in them to produce a long series of works all cast in the same key and setting, thus catering for themselves a 'public'—for in order to market his wares successfully ('the sort of thing they like'), the author has also to create a 'they' who like it; the supply must create the demand before the reverse process can come into operation. Two of my books this week are by authors of this staminaceous kind.

Mr. P. H. Newby's hero is the decent, intricate, sensitive, and clumsy Englishman, always frustrated and usually in Egypt. In *The Picnic at Sakkara* he is named Edgar Perry and is a lecturer at Cairo University. The central theme of a well-constructed novel is Perry's relationship with one of his students, Muawiya, who is everything that the professor is not—revolutionary, hot-blooded, headstrong, outrageous, outspoken, undependable, and with a heart as big as the pyramids. In spite of every difference of temperament, race, and age, the two men feel a curious sympathy for one another; but it will readily be imagined that the course of sympathy runs anything but smooth. It is the old story of east and west which (like the parallel lines in that most doubtful axiom in all Euclid) never meet. It is also the subject of one of the permanent classics of English novel literature, Mr. Forster's *A Passage to India*: and if I say that Mr. Newby's new book might well be sub-titled *A Passage to Egypt*, that is to indicate the standard of excellence he aims at, as much as the debt that he evidently owes. *The Picnic at Sakkara* is thus a fundamentally serious book, but there is plenty of comedy material in it—more, I think, than Mr. Newby has so far given us. Its weakness would seem to be a certain unreality, of incident rather than of character. Egypt is admittedly a thoroughly unlikely country; nevertheless, the author writes of all his surprising occurrences as if they were happening to other people rather than (as it is surely the novelist's task to suggest) to himself. This is life as seen through books, go-betweens, or windows, rather than at first hand. Nevertheless the total effect is consistent and compelling and to paraphrase Lincoln for probably the millionth time) admirers of Mr. Newby's earlier books will find this the best he has written for some years.

Mrs. Thirkell is so eminently a producer of what we may call for convenience 'Mrs. Thirkell's latests', that she has reached a point at which she is able to dispense with plot (and for that matter, practically with character) altogether. The mixture is always exactly as before, and that is precisely how Thirkellists would have

it. The scene is West Barsetshire, the protagonists the squirearchy. In *Enter Sir Robert* the plot concerns two men who accept posts as churchwardens when they are offered to them, and a young girl who meets two men neither of whom proposes to her and in neither of whom is she seen to be interested, though in the next chronicle or two that may all be changed, naturally. This, *see me wet! see me dry!*, is the whole of the plot. Sir Robert, incidentally, does not enter.

There are, however, a hundred and one characters, all of whom are cousins of each other on the one hand, and of comfortable peers on the other. Since any one of these persons can be confronted with any other (and in the course of twenty volumes, is), it will be seen that whatever Mrs. Thirkell's books may lack in plot, they make up for in incident. The authoress is moreover, as we all know, wickedly witty, and it is her asides that are her *raison d'être*. But how wicked, in a literal sense, wit can be! *Enter Sir Robert* is replete with every form of English 'innocent' snobbery, with every form of English naughty prejudice. The following groups in particular are unanimously beyond the pale: foreigners, servants, tradesmen, rustics, mechanics, politicians, the lower classes, the middle classes, bishops, new creations, other people's children, and (to most intents and purposes) other people. This leaves, of course, Us. What We do, is to be blackmailed, robbed and put-upon by all these foreigners, etc., and to have our rightful dues and hereditaments snatched from us by rascally Chancellors. We are naturally warm-hearted, but dreadfully soured by War and Welfare State. Indeed Mrs. Thirkell's eye for her dislikes is so sharp, her reproductions (for instance, of the whining monologues of servants complaining about each other) so accurate, that we do not so much rock with satirical laughter as shudder in ghastly sympathy: for I suppose most of us share some of these snobberies and prejudices, though we may be far more uneasy in the possession of them. Mrs. Thirkell being wickedly witty: reviewer being prim: *impasse*. But if ever (and it would be a very happy day!) the B.B.C. should launch out into a Peers' Programme, and Mrs. Thirkell be commissioned to contribute '*Lord Pomfret's Journal*', the Daily Doings of an Average Earl', I expect I should be a constant, if constantly reluctant, listener.

Jemmy Button, a historical novel by the Chilean writer Benjamin Subercaseaux, has a theme of particular interest to an English audience. The hero is Captain Robert Fitzroy, commander of H.M.S. *Beagle*, engaged on hydrographic explorations of Tierra del Fuego, which were later immortalised by Charles Darwin, a passenger with the Captain on his second voyage there. During the first survey Fitzroy experienced considerable difficulties from the native Fuegians, one of the world's most primitive and

intractable peoples, and accordingly took aboard four native children, intending to train them as interpreters. He was, however, a lonely and a strictly religious man, and found that he had become far more interested in saving his charges' souls (in the Christian sense) than in putting them to work for him: he aimed to make out of them missionaries rather than interpreters, and so the three boys and a girl travelled back to England to receive the benefits of a European and Christian education. The experiment was, however, doomed to failure. Fitzroy fed and clothed and taught his Fuegians, he made them into acceptable household creatures who were even granted the honour of a long audience with William IV and Queen Adelaide: but one thing he could not do, unteach them the law of savage survival. They steal, they lie, they cheat, and at the first word of disapproval or advice their hearts are turned to stone: they are, in the strict sense of the word, ineducable, and in despair Fitzroy takes them back with him on his return voyage and lets them loose in the islands again, where they quickly relapse into hopeless savagery. Indeed, Jemmy Button, the least inhuman of them, is later responsible for the death of one of the English sailors who has befriended him and suffered for him; and, outside the confines of the book, Fitzroy, whose personal tragedy the whole episode has become, commits suicide.

It is a fascinating theme and has been worthily treated in a clear narrative style by Señor Subercaseaux. It is a little woodenly translated and, what is always an outrage, appears to have been condensed, not always very skilfully: nevertheless it is well worth reading, either as a straight adventure story, or as a commentary upon the relations of civilised and uncivilised man.

Federigo is a first novel by the American poet Howard Nemerov. Julian Ghent, for no ostensible reason, sends himself an anonymous letter concerning his wife's fidelity, which is in any case absolute. Presumably he wonders what will happen. He signs the letter 'Federigo'. What happens is plenty: in the first place his wife begins to have second thoughts about her fidelity, and in the second *Federigo* himself materialises to haunt Julian—in this respect the book is another version of the *doppelgänger* story, though it cannot bear comparison with, say, the *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. But it is a reasonably wise, sad, and witty tale, though for my own part I am always unhappy when faced with licentious speaking coupled to Puritanical thinking. I also could not come to terms with the 'reflections' so liberally scattered: 'For the first axiom in love is that whoever does not despise is despicable'; 'There's a lot of hate in love, isn't there, you get a kind of need to do the dirty on someone just because you love her'. All so ironic, so subtle, so world-weary, so naive, so childish, so silly.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Question of Length

HALF AN HOUR for 'Christian Forum', involving us in momentous matters of mind and heart; half an hour for 'Asian Club', posing hemispheric problems; three-quarters of an hour for 'Special Enquiry' on Germany; an hour for 'Sunk Rock', depicting the life and work of a lighthouse crew: the arbitraments of television are baffling and one wonders what kind of thinking produces them. Half an hour for 'Roller Skating' and for the panel games in which human nature is likewise seen trying desperately hard to dodge the contemplation of its destiny. The inference may not be that most of us are deemed to have a limited power of attention. Rather, I suggest, it is that B.B.C. television goes on trying to realise its own destiny on the three different planes of Home, Light, and Third, and that its sense of values is suffering in the process. Not that all is yet lost. 'The Grove Family' still gets only a quarter of an hour: time to run through the evening newspaper. The mood of perplexity is all too easily resumed. Why should 'Ask Pickles', which caters for the same public as 'The Grove Family'—the one that thinks Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square are among the wonders of the world—be a three times longer programme? The etiology of programme lengths might not be an enthralling study; equally, I do not suppose it would leave us respectful of the logical force of those who measure subject values by the clock.

'Christian Forum' was seriously inhibited by that consideration; all the more generous of the Abbot of Downside, the Bishop of Stepney, Diana Reader Harris of Sherborne School for

Girls, and Professor Coulson of Oxford, to accommodate themselves to the test of facing questions calling for anything but summary replies. What is worth doing is worth doing well. The team did as well as they could in the circumstances, which denied them the opportunity to express their best powers. Yet there are few discussion programmes capable of commanding a more sincere attention at the present time.

Another of them is 'Asian Club', the timing of which may be prejudiced by its going out also on sound-only in the Eastern Service of

that man's books', was said in my hearing of the television appearance of an author who wrote a widely read book of the war. Precisely when the breakdown in sympathy had occurred I did not discover. 'I wish I had not seen him at all'. Poor man; he may not have been enough or sufficiently good looking to cope with the viewer's heroic idea of him. Irrational responses of that sort are common at election time. Television may multiply them disturbingly.

It can be a distorting machine; for some personalities, I would say, almost ruinously.

Malcolm Muggeridge, who wrote for *Punch* and is apparently hurt for a wider reputation, has a bloom of good health on his cheeks but television tells us nothing of it. On the contrary it endows him with a haunted, cadaverous look which, if it were he, I would much resent. It is not fair to him and it is unfortunate, because his mental competence is an asset to the service. He brings to the programmes in which he appears a maturity of experience which one could wish was active behind the cameras. Moreover, as one may dislike being caught up in the personal implications of television, these things could even when they are not explicitly relevant. For example, the other evening Professor Andrade presented us with a more characteristic version of himself than in some of his previous manifestations on screens. His well-rounded vocabulary pitched in a key that was too abstruse or formal, and too funereal, either.

I notice that in the April number of *Encounter* W. H. Auden sees it as a contemporary symptom that politicians, among other public performers, succeed not through the appeal of their programmes but by their ability to 'put on a good act'. Last week's television gave us another chance to review the personal style of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of his predecessor in that office. But Mr. Butler did not distinguish us with gestures. Mr. Gaitskell used the brushstroke freely. Both were discreetly interviewed by Robert McKenzie, who gave each room the strategy of rebuttal. Like Mr. Attlee on the side, Mr. Butler embodies more convincing than most politicians the spirit of public service. Policy, not personality, was his emphasis, a formula which is unlikely to survive the television test.

From Windsor Castle on Sunday afternoon fine sunlight-and-shadow pictures showed the Queen's Scouts parading proudly under the Sovereign's approving gaze, another 'good show' by the Outside Broadcasts Department.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Makeshift Haves

IAIN McCORMICK has many admirers and a one who writes plays for television is a public benefactor in these days when the barrel being so loudly scraped on Sundays. Several



'Asian Club' on April 22, with (left) Sir Ivor Jennings as guest speaker and Shakuntala Shrinagesh in the chair

the B.B.C. Nothing was said in its half-hour about the Bandung Conference but one was conscious of that affair all through the club's tenuous deliberations, centred though they were not on politics but on the effects of western education on eastern cultures. The tone of the questions was critical of western education, the pursuit of which, none the less, appears to be a preoccupying concern of the young men and young women of 'Asian Club'. The new Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Sir Ivor Jennings, was in the seat of interrogation and was as adequate in his replies as the time barrier permitted. Though that factor weighed heavily on all, the programme was unfailing in interest, and those of us who have followed the series were glad that its regular chairman, the young Indian woman journalist named Shakuntala Shrinagesh, was back in her place. She has an attractive intelligence and the flash of her eyes is a most effective gavel.

No wonder, as *The Manchester Guardian* has observed, the political parties are shy of television as an electioneering aid. 'I'm not going to read any more of



'Plain and Purl' on April 20: a fashion programme on hosiery and knitwear



Carole Lorimer as Patsy and Finlay Currie as the Old Man in 'The Safe Haven' on April 24.

minutes for 'The Safe Haven' boded well: time, we thought, to be a bore. In fact the etchedness of this sketchy magazine story of play would have been less apparent if the author (an honest fellow) had dawdled more in he did. He had our sympathy, of course: winning a play is easy enough; what agony is to be endured by the author to finish it off seldom evident to the public, though they may have sufferings of their own, as we had in the last quarter of an hour in this piece, which was as lacking in mere plausibility as any play I can readily recall. Until then, Mr. McCormick's magazine t-out characters—tough *hombre* with one eye and no 'guts', to use his fiancée's pretty term; panicky husband, a Canadian, who seemed to have been bought for the elder sister's two shrewish sisters, and the younger sister whose manners were if anything stier still—these and others had more or less stood up as theatrically valid figures. At the crisis—and what a crisis!—showed them wilted into poses which all too clearly suggested an author in a hurry to bring the play to an end while some of the Passing of the Third Floor Back's luggage was still unpacked.

Then it was cries of 'I've been pretty rotten' all round, till one longed for Miss Patrice Lillie to put her long equine jaw round the sitting-room door and add 'Couldn't agree more, really'. Old sozzle, whose Passing of the Third Floor act did bring the play to an end, seemed unmotivated. Ditto the younger sister, though she apparently came to a measure of wisdom and discarded her one-armed drunkard lover. But stay—am I right? The glance she shot at him as she flounced out was what novelists call 'withering', yet as the final music surged in and the credits began to seep up we thought we noticed tough Johnny looking at his empty glass with disgust. This *could* mean two things: either he was going to sign the pledge and marry the shrew, or he wanted another one; only Ann Temple could have told for sure.

Other characters were also unpredictable, the young Jew, Mr. Kantor, seemed to have been dragged up to Argyll for no reason at all except to read those ungrateful sons, ashamed of their old dad, a priggish lesson. He, too, flounced at observing that Jewish people at least looked better than their old: which is no doubt true, but had very little to do with the drama of bossy Paula and her cowed husband. The latter, however, asserted himself before the end. The Scots bodyguard had her say; and little Patsy, who had taken such a shine to the old soak in the spare room, put on a temperament when the heartless Canadian brothers were for driving him out. Until then, she had been a natural-seeming little girl. As for the encumbrance himself, he seemed to have a sense of humour (not inherited). His decision to go off into the snow again hardly

struck me as heroic. I would have gone miles through a blizzard to avoid these thin-unmannered natures with their disgusting family rows before guests and menials alike.

Tatiana Lieven produced smoothly, with all that clock-striking 'biz'. Carole Lorimer upheld 'Children's Hour' standards well, and Finlay Currie could have played the old father on his head (as he did on his bed). Alan Tilvern and Paul Carpenter were women's *feuilleton* Canadians, tough outwardly but just big babies 'really'. Pamela Alan and Muriel Pavlow threw off the *clichés* like dogs (do I mean *dogs*?) emerging from a pond.

Where are we with commercials on B.B.C. Television? 'Above Us the Waves', on Wednesday, was a straight commercial plug and a great bore. The acting (my province) consisted, of course—since this is a British film about a submarine—of John Mills wrinkling his forehead.

The Bulgarian Dancers were not plugged, however; save in *Radio Times*, I don't think the theatre they are dancing at was mentioned. There was an introduction which must have made thousands switch off: like a burlesque of an introducer of cis-Iron Curtain culture. The dances, *sans* colour and dully viewed, had only vitality to commend them. The low-slung men



'From Bulgaria' on April 24: part of the Folk Orchestra of the State Song and Dance Company

bouncing their hips on the ground in unison was a relief after the aproned maidens' choir which gave forth sounds undreamed in Kirkintilloch! In short, what old ladies, wide of the mark, call 'very jolly indeed'.

'The Children of the New Forest' continues to exercise a sentimental appeal on one who dragged many a 'haunch of venison' across the nursery floor in efforts to reconstruct this Cavalier tale of tushery and sylvan hiding. It goes well.

Sunday night brought us a 'Stage by Stage' discussion which I shall legally poach. Amid the platitudes which flew among a famous fivesome gripping elbows and twisting toes round two coffee tables, many a worthwhile observation about the undying theatre was made. Michael MacOwan especially and Mrs. Wyndham Goldie too nearly succeeded in shaping—which is so difficult, one knows—a trenchant case for the Reps. The point is: would not an edited film have achieved just that? And was the immediacy of 'live' discussion worth while? Mrs. Goldie, I suspect, would say yes. But look how marvel-

lously smooth, and yet live-seeming, was Orson Welles' presidential fireside chat (in fact, a film).

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

To Be Continued

IT IS THE YEAR 410, and it seems to be journey's end, the end of the Roman occupation of Britain. Rome has fallen, the marble has crumbled, and the vast empire that Julian celebrates so movingly in one of the speeches of 'The Long Sunset' (Home) is crumbling with it. In this northern island the summer day is over; the coast lies open to invasion. R. C. Sherriff's new play must have haunted many minds. It is very quiet. On the stage it might not make itself heard. On the air it called up the strangeness of that lost age, the fears, the sorrow of death, the stirrings of birth. The period once caught Kipling's imagination. We remembered phrase upon phrase, 'After the sack of the City, when Rome was sunk to a name', and 'When Rome was rotten-ripe to her fall, the sceptre passed from her hand'. A century before the end there had been the song of a recalled Roman soldier, a man whose life had been given to Britain, rooted in British soil: 'Ah, how can I remove?'

How can they remove? The former merchants, now tending their lands round the port of Richborough, seek at first to stay. But it is of no use for them to hope. Britain, divorced from Rome, can be Roman no longer. Its only saviour can be such a man as the Cornish soldier of fortune, Arthur, who comes with Gawaine, his nephew, to train the servants and to show what might be accomplished. Mr. Sherriff's most un-Tennysonian Arthur is a plain, blunt man, practical, unromantic ('Fancy that yarn about the sword getting right across Britain!'), and not inclined to be sentimental about the Roman retreat. Joseph O'Connor, playing him in properly uncompromising fashion, could point such a speech as 'If you want to impress your men, always talk to them with your back to the sunset—it makes you look bigger'.

Julian, whom we might call the last of all the Romans, tries bravely to ignore the coming night. Brewster Mason acted him with gentle authority, though I wished for more eloquence in that speech—as moving as anything Sherriff has written—on the glories of the stricken Empire. The dramatist is so interested in Julian



'Grace, Charm and Beauty': competitors during the dancing contest for the title of National Ballroom Queen, at the Lyceum on April 18

and Arthur that he has forgotten some of his other people who come like shadows, so depart. Still, Serena, the Christian-convert wife, justifies her name. Avic Landone played her as the true partner for her husband. The sad little piece has a dying fall; its memory lingers like the flakes of burnished cloud after an autumn sunset. Wisely, Sherriff has not gone to melodrama at the last. He lets Julian and Serena pass from their doomed home: the lights are out, but from the woods they will be able to see the one lamp by the altar. Then the voices fade; night has clouded Britain. The play, with its echoes and analogies, is unequal; its dialogue is oddly slack at times and yet, all said, it takes the heart. It, too, has its back to the sunset. Sherriff's writing, when he is genuinely stirred, can grow and command: it is a pity that he has not been more definite with such characters as Paula, Otho, and Gawaine, who are barely brushed in for us. Expressively produced by Ayton Whitaker, 'The Long Sunset' did make us want to know what would follow. It is at once epilogue and prologue. The tramp of the legions has faded; in the distance we seem to hear the feet of another army.

'The Story of the Lame Young Man and the Barber of Baghdad' (Third) is complete in itself; but Scheherazade, as we know from the *Arabian Nights*, uses the barber, with some resource, for several other narratives. He is the most talkative fellow alive, the only astrologer among the barbers of Baghdad, a consequential chatterbox who can observe to his victim on the edge of madness, 'You seem to be tired of me when I am not in the least tired of you' and 'It has just occurred to me that you might be in a hurry'. Norman Shelley clearly enjoyed his infuriating plumminess as this officious wiseacre, renowned (so he says) for his gravity and reserve and called 'The Silent One'. It was a slight but cheerful half-hour; plainly the barber's voice booms on somewhere out of our hearing.

In 'An Enemy of the People' (Light) Stephen Murray sustained his fervour as the quixotic, pugnacious individualist. Here for once—and surprisingly in Ibsen where what happens before the first act is the thing—I wanted very much to follow Stockmann into a sequel. The play, produced by Mary Hope Allen, kept its grating vigour. Roger Snowdon found for Aslaksen a kind of flat, loose whine that was horribly right.

Although 'Life with the Lyons' (Light) had a river-trip sketch that did not make me at all anxious to continue it, Mum had one engaging revelation. At school she had always cribbed uselessly from the girl beside her. Alas, she was sitting next to a mirror.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Plus Ça Change . . .

BEFORE THE MACHINE AGE the idea of change cannot have occupied men's minds very much for the simple reason that, except in times of war or revolution, things changed little in the course of a lifetime. Now it is different. Changes come faster and thicker every decade, almost every year, nor does the B.B.C. let us forget it. Last week three of its agents led us by the ear all over the brand new London Airport, which has just come into operation, in a half-hour programme called 'Gateway to the World', and Raymond Baxter, Wynford Vaughan Thomas, and Jean Metcalfe did their job so well that I now more than half believe I have visited that astonishing place in the flesh. Two evenings later R. L. F. Boyd of University College, London, in a 'Science Survey' talk called 'Research with Rockets', told us how rockets are being used 'to probe the secrets of nature far out in space above the earth', the word *above*

being used, I presume, in a purely relative sense. This talk showed me that in the matter of rockets I was far behind the times. I had no idea that in the course of a few minutes rockets carrying elaborate scientific equipment can reach a height of 150 miles, still less that an American V2 with another rocket on its nose has put another 100 miles on this record.

Yet, not content with inventing or discovering a vast range of novelties, some of them wellnigh unbelievable, we twentieth-century men, or some of us, burrow into the remote past and, by means undreamt of by our forebears, discover long forgotten facts about our early history. One would think that the immense quantity of miscellaneous knowledge produced in the past half-century would have totally changed our outlook. But the truth is, I suspect, that we digest what we can, ignore the rest, and remain very much the same. And so it would seem from 'The Legacy of the Past', the first of two Third Programme talks by E. H. Carr on 'The Place of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russian History'. Mr. Carr's talks are always well worth hearing and I was very sorry to miss his second on Friday, called 'Innovation and Tradition'. In the first he maintained that no revolution destroys continuity. When it has succeeded and sets about forming its own government it does so, inevitably, on preconceptions based on its past. Certain compromises have to be made, and foreign policy especially quickly establishes some sort of continuity.

Richard Hoggart made similar observations on the bloodless revolution which is still transforming our mode of life today. In 'Tradition and Resilience', the first of a series of three talks called 'Changing Values', he drew conclusions from his own experience. He comes, he told us, of a working-class family which left its native village in the seventies of last century. His grandmother, he said, remained a countrywoman to the end and the younger generation, even though they were townspeople, still regarded themselves as belonging to the country. He maintained that family life with its unchanging habits and routines remains the core of life, and that the popular newspapers and magazines, advertisements, broadcasting and television—what he calls the mass-entertainment—of today have no more than a superficial effect. It is we, he said, who modify these things to ourselves. Mr. Hoggart is a good broadcaster; he expresses himself quietly, naturally, and with an admirable precision of meaning. I look forward to his remaining two broadcasts.

In 'A Meeting with Thomas Hardy', one of his rare and always delightful talks, Walter de la Mare spoke of a visit he paid years ago to Thomas Hardy at Max Gate, his Dorchester home. He told how they visited the first Mrs. Hardy's grave to lay white roses on it from the Max Gate garden and how Hardy pointed out the graves of 'Friends Beyond', and of how, during a long walk on the downs, there passed in the course of Hardy's talk the embryos of countless lyrics and stories. Many of them must surely have appealed to Mr. de la Mare as themes for his own pen, for the two poets, despite the dissimilarity of their style and approach, have much in common in their outlook on life. It was a talk that by means of various small details created a warm and memorable impression of Hardy both as man and poet, and another such impression remained—that of the man and poet who had been speaking.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Live and—?

THE THIRD PROGRAMME gave us last week performances of two operas, one of them 'live' (as the saying is), the other—well, what is the

word? Certainly, not 'dead', when Verdi's 'Falstaff' conducted by Toscanini is in question. I noted recently one of my colleagues expressing a vague discomfort about listening to a recorded performance of opera, as though it were at one remove further from reality than one given in a studio or in a theatre. The objection is purely subjective, and I venture to suggest that no one who was not told that 'Falstaff' was being played on gramophone discs would have detected the fact until the last scene, when a scratch on the disc set up an unfortunate

Studio performance though it was, 'Falstaff' was not sung and played 'cold' to unresponsive walls. There was an audience present, fortunate possessors of the recording will know though the enthusiastic applause at the end of the acts was omitted in the broadcast—rightly, for there are few more disagreeable noises than the sound of clapping hands divorced from the physical presence of their fervent owners. Nor, I understand, was the original performance, given some five years ago, free from some serious blemishes, which nearly resulted in the suppression of the recording. Fortunately, however, it was possible to make new tape-recordings of the bad passages and patch them into the original. The result is certainly one of the best operatic recordings ever made, and therein lies a moral for those who suppose that a 'live' broadcast must necessarily have greater virtue than a recorded performance which can be subjected to correction.

The remarkable feature about Toscanini's performances is their absolute constancy. Having made up his mind how a work should be played, he never swerves from his idea of it. There are many points in this recording of 'Falstaff' which exactly reproduce the performances he directed at Salzburg before the Anschluss. In particular, there is the understatement of the theme for brass, which punctuates Falstaff's plaint about the vileness of the world after his bath in the Thames. It is true that Verdi marked this phrase *pianissimo*, but as Toscanini himself has observed in another connection, Verdi's markings were often positively exaggerated because the orchestras of the day tended to play everything *forte*. At any rate I have heard other conductors make a more comic effect with that phrase than Toscanini does by his strict observance of the marking.

But how lovely and how loving is his treatment of this marvellous score generally! As for the singers, a company who had worked with him long enough to overcome their initial terror of the martinet and so gave all they could to the great musician. It may be that Valder has not enough 'fat' in his voice for the part of Falstaff, but he sings the part beautifully, with intelligence. The ladies are all excellent, especially Nanetta and Alice Ford, and, though the Fenton phrases his music too stiffly, he has a pleasant voice.

The live performance of 'Katya Kabanova' at Sadler's Wells, which was conducted by Rafael Kubelik, reminded us of the continuing enterprise of that theatre under Norman Tuckwell's management, and served to set the opera in a better light than before. With Mr. Tuckwell's excellent translation in hand, one could enter the drama, even when the music, beautifully played though it was under Kubelik's expert direction, is no more than a background. What it takes its proper leading place in the opera scheme, especially in the last part of Act II, rises to heights of lyrical beauty, yet without compromising its integrity, which explains the enthusiasm with which this sombre work has been greeted. There were features in this performance, particularly Miss Shuard's inability to get Katya's words across, which would have benefited by editing. But, on the whole, it went very well, and in everything Miss Co-

as the formidable matriarch, magnificently. The new music of the week was mostly rather colourless. Neither Martinu's Violin Concerto or Franz Tischhauser's Concertino for piano and orchestra suggest anything to me but conventional varieties of soup, respectively

thick and clear (meaning thin). A Horn Concerto by Kenneth Essex had the merit of being played by Dennis Brain who never makes an unpleasant sound. I enjoyed Anthony Bernard's concert, which juxtaposed Stravinsky's Octet with Falla's Harpsichord Concerto, though I must correct

the assertion that Mr. Bernard 'gave' the concert at which the latter was first performed. The concert was given by the late Gerald Cooper, whose benefactions to music between the wars should not be forgotten.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Smetana's Operas

By ALEC ROBERTSON

'Dalibor' will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Thursday, May 5, and 7.35 p.m. on Sunday, May 8, and 'The Bartered Bride' at 7.0 p.m. on Saturday, May 7 (all Third)

WHILE waiting for his first opera, 'The Brandenburgers in Bohemia', to be produced Smetana composed 'The Bartered Bride', his first comic opera, and at one stroke solved the traditional problem with such resounding success that it became an embarrassment to him. The four revisions that the opera underwent, which turned it from a two-act opera with spoken dialogue into a three-act opera with recitative and many added numbers, seems to show that the indifference with which Smetana spoke of the work in later years was more apparent than real.

The audience which first heard 'Dalibor', in 1868, were still unfamiliar, therefore, with the earlier version of 'The Bartered Bride' (which came out in 1870) but were sufficiently intoxicated with what they had been given to want no other draught of the same beverage. In 'Dalibor', however, they were confronted with music of a symphonic nature without detachable numbers, humour, or enlivening dances; and they received the opera with little enthusiasm. Charges of Wagnerism were again raised by Smetana's implacable enemies and caused theasperated composer to exclaim 'What should I have to do with Wagnerism? I have quite enough to do with Smetanism'. Smetana, who was so closely in touch with Liszt, and in sympathy with the 'new German school', had naturally studied Wagner's methods and adopted as principle of continuous dramatic development, which in 'Dalibor' he first put into practice. But, as Smetana's ignorant critics would have seen, it is the influence of Liszt that predominates in the opera, inasmuch as it is virtually monothematic. The splendid eight-act theme, rising sequentially to its climax, in the short orchestral introduction to the First Act, varied throughout the opera with great resource and psychological truth: but before considering that a word must be said about the libretto.

The legendary story on which it is founded has often been compared with that of 'Fidelio' and it is obvious that Joseph Wenzig had Beethoven's opera in mind when he wrote his libretto.

The theme of the opera is national freedom from oppression, represented in the person of Dalibor. His best friend, the minstrel Zdeněk, whose music 'voices the joys and sorrows of the people', has been put to death by a tyrant, and Dalibor is put on trial for murdering this man. An extra dramatic twist is given to the story by making its heroine, Milada, the sister of the murdered man; and causing her, when Dalibor nobly defends himself at the trial, to fall in love with him. Jitka, an orphan, the Marcelline of the opera, is also in love with Dalibor, and the two women plot to rescue him from gaol. To this end Milada disguises herself as a boy and insinuates herself into the good graces of the gaoler. There is a dungeon scene in which

the ghost of Zdeněk, playing on his violin, appears to Dalibor, and in which Milada brings him a violin, as well as food, to appease his hunger for music.

The opera, however, ends in tragedy, as the plot is discovered and Dalibor is killed. Milada also dies awaiting him; though when Mahler gave the opera in Vienna he altered the ending so as to allow the lovers to die together on the stage. Variants of the Dalibor theme are used to express the idea of his deliverance, Milada's growing love for him even as she denounces him, Zdeněk's ghostly violin solo, and Dalibor's great song in praise of friendship. The finest dramatic stroke in the opera is the appearance of the theme as we first heard it (though in a different key) but now extended and rising to a triumphal outburst after the King has pronounced sentence on the hero, whose unconquerable spirit is thus pictured. It has been said of this fine opera that 'in its aesthetic and deeply human values it can be likened to "Fidelio", while, musically, it exhibits a wholeness of style and mood which recalls "Lohengrin"', but that is certainly not a charge of Wagnerism.

After finishing his opera 'Libuše', based on Slavonic history and myth, and seeking contrast, Smetana went outside his country for the first and last time for a libretto. 'The Two Widows' (Dvě Vdovy) is a translation of a French comedy both into Czech and into Czech surroundings. The first version of this gay little opera, produced in 1874, contained spoken dialogue (as in the case of 'The Bartered Bride') some of which Smetana retained in the form of 'melodrama' when he replaced it with recitative.

Though it adds nothing to his reputation the success of 'The Two Widows' may have been some consolation to Smetana after the failure of 'Dalibor' ('Libuše' was not produced until 1881, when the composer was unable to hear it).

On the night of October 20, 1874, total deafness descended on him; and it must have needed all his large fund of courage and optimism to decide to write more operas. In the event he composed three more, all comic operas, of which 'The Kiss' (Hubička) was the first and the finest. The slender plot is based on the Czech superstition that a kiss given before marriage by a widower will cause the first wife to turn in her grave (there must have been many revolving wives in the cemeteries of Czechoslovakia!) Two attempts at a kiss by Lukaš, the hero of the opera, are repulsed by Vendulka, the heroine; but when there is a prospect of losing him for ever she is only too anxious to be embraced, and is now herself met with a rebuff. It is not until eighteen bars before the fall of the final curtain that the kiss is eventually accomplished. This lovely rustic opera is so well constructed dramatically and symphonically that, but for the exigencies of the theatre, it might well be played in one continuous act. Smetana had never before composed such tenderly beautiful music as that

of the love duet and the lullabies in the first act, and the use of the polka to express Lukaš's resentment with his bride to be (when he arrives, rather drunk, with some village girls to disturb Vendulka and his sleeping child) is an excellent psychological stroke. There is also, in this act, a fine *buffo* aria for bass that recalls Smetana's wish, expressed when he was a student, that he wanted to be a Mozart in composition, for the aria has a real Mozartian flavour.

The smugglers' chorus in the second act, though one of his most striking inventions, has a certain resemblance to the Nocturnal March in Berlioz' 'L'Enfance du Christ', and makes one recall his great admiration for that composer. It is followed by a splendid aria in which Lukaš pours out his grief for having offended Vendulka.

It was disappointing to find that the music of this opera fell flat in a production, full of good intentions, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company some years ago, whereas a rather rough and ready concert performance in Czech and with piano accompaniment, done about the same time at the Czech Institute, gave one the true flavour of the work. There is a moral to be drawn from that. This beautiful opera of alternating sunlight and shadow, acclaimed as a perfect model of its genre, may lie outside the capacity—not vocally but dramatically—of our native singers, but it might be worth while having another try at it.

'The Secret' (Tajemství), Smetana's next rustic opera, is less spontaneous than 'The Kiss'—the *fugato* sections in the orchestral introductions to the First and Second Acts sound laboured—but it has a number of attractive songs, among which the minstrel's song in the First Act is a gem.

The composer finished his last complete opera, 'The Devil's Wall' ('Čertova Stěna'), 'in spite of terrible and constant hindrances', and it was a bitter blow to him when his very high opinion of the work was not confirmed by the public or critics at the first performance in 1878. The opera has, however, retained its place in the repertory now that its merits are more clearly seen; but 'The Kiss' is, as it deserves to be, the prime favourite of these three last operas with the Czechs, and takes its place as one of the most moving testimonies in music to the brave spirit of man.

A useful publication comes from Index Publishers Ltd., 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. This is a guide to the *Museums and Galleries in Great Britain and Northern Ireland* which are open to the public. The guide, which is illustrated and costs 2s. 6d., gives the name, scope, conditions, hours of opening and location of over 650 museums and galleries. The basic arrangement is by geographical location and alphabetically ordered. There is also a classified list, arranged by subjects, and an alphabetical list of museums and galleries by their titles.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

BRINGING THE CHANGES ON EGGS

FIRST, LET ME REMIND you that the gentle cooking so essential for eggs makes all the difference. Even a boiled egg can be rendered tough and rather by being boiled quickly instead of slowly. And talking of boiling—it is an excellent method for a variety of dishes.

To prepare them for serving, after boiling for five minutes put them immediately into cold water to stop the cooking, then shell them, and keep them warm by placing them in hot, salted water. Be sure it is just hot and not boiling. In this way they will keep hot without further cooking until you are ready to serve them. When serving, drain them on muslin, put each egg on a *croûte* of bread fried crisply in butter, cover them with the sauce of your choice, mushroom, cheese, anchovy, and so on, and garnish appropriately.

If you are making a plain white sauce as a basis to which you are going to add, say, cheese or a puree of onions or pounded shrimps, when it is cooked and ready to serve add, to improve the flavour, a nut of butter and a tablespoon of cream. Then slightly reheat to counteract the addition of these ingredients, but never boil after the addition, or it will destroy the delicious flavour of the added butter and cream. If you choose mushroom sauce, slice the mushrooms and simmer them gently in milk, using it afterwards to make the sauce. Another hint: if you are making cheese sauce, treat it kindly, stir it gently, and do not let it boil after adding the cheese to the basic white mixture.

Poached eggs can be served in the ways I have suggested for boiled eggs. If you want your poached eggs to have a good oval shape, when the water is boiling and you have added a teaspoon of vinegar, tilt the pan away from you and slip the egg in from a saucer.

Puff-pastry cases or shortcrust tartlets can be used as a base, with a savoury filling put in first, then the poached egg, coated with the appropriate sauce, placed on top. They can be served, too, on purees of vegetables such as spinach or fresh green peas. They can be served with rice—a tomato risotto, for example.

Scrambling, too, offers much variety. Scrambled eggs can have chopped bacon and fried *croûtons* added, or many other savoury oddments. But with scrambling, do remember that the eggs continue to cook after taking them off the heat so remove them when they start to solidify, if you want a creamy mixture.

Finally, there are the appetising cold egg dishes, so light and refreshing for the warmer weather—coated with mayonnaise and, for instance, served with asparagus tips or such delicacies as young beans or peas, sweet pimento, cucumber in dill, and so on.

ANN HARDY

DUTCH 'HUTSPOT'

For four to six persons you will need the following ingredients:

- 2 lb. of large carrots
- 3-4 lb. of potatoes
- 1½ lb. of onions
- 1½ pints of water
- 1 tablespoon of salt
- 4 oz. of fat—dripping or margarine
- 1½ lb. of meat (flank beef, or salted beef or silverside)

Bring the water and salt to the boil (omit salt if the meat is already seasoned). Simmer the meat in one large piece for one-and-a-half hours, then add sliced carrots and onions, bring back to the boil, reduce the heat and after thirty minutes put in the thickly sliced potatoes. Bring back to the boil again and cook until the

potatoes are quite tender. (This means a total cooking time of two-and-a-half hours.) If necessary, add a little water to avoid burning.

Take the meat out of the pan, and mash all the vegetables together to a smooth consistency with the dripping or margarine. Put this vegetable mixture on a dish, garnish with thickly cut slices of the meat, and serve piping hot. Gherkins or piccalilli go well with this dish.

TINE SMITS

GAMMON WITH APPLES

Buy a slice of mild, tender gammon about an inch thick—it will probably weigh about a pound. Place it in a casserole with a little stock, sprinkle with two tablespoons of brown sugar and surround with peeled potatoes and cored, halved, unpeeled cooking apples. Cover the casserole and place in a moderately hot oven for about an hour.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

- BEN ROBERTS (page 732): Lecturer in Trade Union Studies, London School of Economics
- R. L. MARRIS (page 736): Lecturer in Economics, Cambridge University, and Fellow of King's College
- F. J. ODGERS (page 748): Lecturer in Criminal Science, Cambridge University
- GORONWY REES (page 752): Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth
- ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR (page 757): critic and journalist; lecturer at the National Gallery for University of London Extra-Mural Department; art adviser to Leicestershire Education Authority

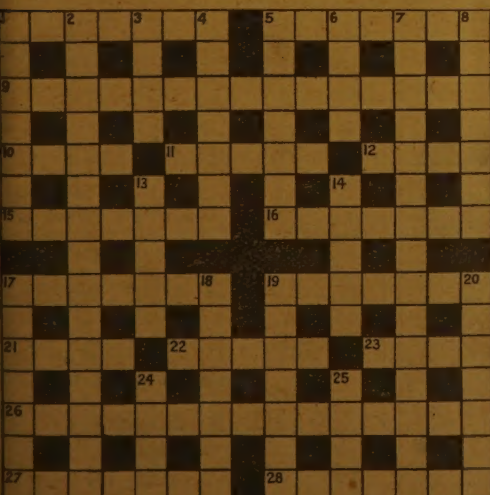
Crossword No. 1,304.

A Plain Puzzle.

By Altair

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



CLUES—ACROSS

1. 'All things invite To peaceful counsels, and the — state of order' (Milton) (7)
5. Mr. Henry was an officer of the *Halsewell* (7)
9. 'Gladly wolde he lerne', said Chaucer, 'and gladly teche' (15, three words)
10. 'Fell off from God to worship calves, the deities of Egypt; — next, and Ashteroth' (Milton) (4)
11. Another name for pictures today (5)
12. Change one letter in 3 reversed for a Jewish month (4)
15. Christmas Eve foundation for festival warmth (7, two words)
16. Jan Struther's famous war-time columnist (7)
17. This one in the famous ballet was fantastic (7)
19. This gin is unlawful (7, two words)
21. A small Dutch sailing ship (4)
22. Direction of glacier thrust (5)
23. What assize judges have to do before reaching conclusions (4)
- 26 & 27. Tom's restricted repertoire in nursery rhyme (22, six words)
28. Colonel who married Elsie from Cold Harbour Tower (7)

DOWN

1. Biscay? No. A kind of naval hospital at sea (7, hyphen)
2. One of the longer Holmes yarns (15, four words)
3. Evangelist who does not support Mark in 25 down (4)
4. Are they faking a pudding? (7)
5. By no means the least one might expect (7)
6. 5-across's was second mate (4)
7. So fifty per cent. of his acumen goes to waste (15, four words)
8. A matter of small lumps, but not in the tea-cup (7)
13. The brightest star in a constellation (5)
14. Palindromic pseudonym for bright young lady who will quickly answer a score of questions (5)
17. Caricature (7, two words)
18. Etruria is a famous one (7)
19. Mother's quarrel; about a large dog? (7)
20. Essentially absurd statement (7)
24. Curtailed public school in Bucks (4)
25. St. Mark gives it as the first of very famous last words (4)

Solution of No. 1,302

3	6	1	5	9	4	1	2	3
6	2	5	7	1	1	7	2	9
3	1	1	2	0	9	3	0	7

Prizewinners: 1st prize: C. W. Gilham (Leeds, 6); 2nd prize: W. Langstaff (London, W.14); 3rd prize: A. A. Jaffe (Liverpool, 17)

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